The DIONYSIAN 1915


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THE DIONYSIAN

Year Book of Assumption College

Sandwich, Ontario, Canada

VOLUME I.

1915

EDITED BY THE GRADUATING CLASS.

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1915



TO THE MEMORY OF

Most Reverend Denis O'Connor, D. D., C. S. B.,

Archbishop of Toronto.

The Founder of Assumption College, and President from 1870 to 1890, the first volume of The Dionysian is affectionately dedicated.

Archbishop O'Connor.

THE 'Old Building' at Sandwich, erected at some remote date of the last century, after her doors being open for students under Jesuit, Basilian, and Diocesan administration and as many times closed, after being given over to serve as a military headquarters, and again to lie idle, was allowed one more opportunity of proving her right to existence, when in August, 1870, the Community of St. Basil again undertook to conduct a college within her historic walls. The staff commissioned to launch this project consisted of one Basilian priest, still in his twenties, and four ecclesiastics. No great earnest of success, an interested public would probably say, probably did say, in view of the repetition of failures which had attended the place up to that time. But there was one element of strength which that public did not, and could not, take yet into their calculations. In the character and ability of him who had come to preside over its destinies, that public was soon to find assurance beyond the expectations of the most optimistic. The student, his father, his pastor, and even the occasional visitor to the new institution, all in turn, felt themselves face to face with a vigorous personality, in whom a thoroughness of grasp, a practical decisiveness, an all-absorbing sincerity, gave promise of better things for the future.

The institution which opened under these circumstances in 1870 had an unquestioned reputation established far and wide long before 1890, when its superior was promoted to the See of London. Its success dates entirely from the year 1870. It had no past. Previous attempts under various administrations were too short-lived to gain any prestige, much less to leave any helpful traditions behind. Father O'Connor, no matter from what point of view we consider the undertaking, had to begin at the bottom. That with a small staff and a much smaller financial subsidy, the building grew in twenty years to three times its original dimensions and was again too small to accommodate the number of students seeking admittance gives but a one-sided idea of the wonderful development apparent to all in close touch with the inner working of the college. Within that time its character was permanently fixed, its wholesome traditions were established, its methods were commanding universal admiration. An able line of successors to the position of president have shown their qualifications for office in no other way so surely as in their ability to appreciate the aims and aspirations of the founder, and to conserve for posterity the spirit, the systems, and the efficiency which grew up under the influence of those aims and aspirations. It is a grievance among the sons of great public men that no one is so handicapped, in the race for a reputation as they. No matter how worthy of recognition, even a sympathetic public will insist upon comparing their best efforts with the splendid records of their

fathers. So, for many years to come, presidents of Sandwich must submit to be judged not upon the naked success of their own efficiency and efforts, but upon the standards set years ago by him, with whose name the glory of the College must always be identified.

No one man ever made an institution. For this he needs the brains as well as the work of able associates. A founder, a leader shows his capability especially in this, that he knows how to select a staff not only willing to obey, but also competent to advise. The greatness of both leader and staff is best shown in the deference each has for the judgment, the intentions, and the integrity of the other. No better example of this mutual confidence and respect could be had than was furnished in the Sandwich of those twenty years. And it is perfectly safe to say that it was always the oldest and ablest of the faculty who were most enthusiastic in their admiration for the character as well as for the projects and ambitions of their superior. Through all the ups and downs of after years these continued his warmest friends. They yielded to no one in their conviction of the success of his work in the episcopacy. That spirit of mutual confidence which grew up in Sandwich prevailed with ever increasing fervor during life, nor, even to his last days could this great leader of men have asked for any more touching tribute of esteem than the loyalty and affection of these, his oldest and longest tried lieutenants.

When in 1888 the Holy See conferred a doctorate upon Father O'Connor, staffs past and present unanimously agreed that the honour was fittingly placed. He was an educator in the highest sense of the term. His aim was not merely to turn out scholars but men, the best types of Christian, Catholic, manhood. High schools, public institutions, give a proficiency in Mathematics, a skill in framing Latin sentences, a readiness in English Composition; all this is easy; something much higher and much more difficult of accomplishment must be the ideal of a Catholic College. The order of precedence suggested by the Psalmist in "Bonitatem et disciplinam et scientiam doce me" was observed to the letter in determining the character of education to be realized in Sandwich. No one was considered worthy the name of teacher whose chief endeavor was not the religious and moral formation of his pupils. It was therefore a first principle with Father O'Connor that a teacher's effectiveness depended primarly on his faithfulness to the religious exercises of the house. No reasons were considered sufficient to dispense with these. Seven days in the week, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, found the entire faculty already assembled in the Community-room awaiting the 5.55 bell which should announce the commencement of morning meditation. As many evenings in the week, and in the year saw that same entire faculty assembled awaiting the 7.30 bell for Spiritual Reading. Particular examen, Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, Evening Prayer, witnessed the presence of the faculty in the same undiminished numbers. This faithfulness to religious duty was copied into the lives of the students. No pressure of work, no extraordinary circumstances, must even once deprive them of a short morning meditation, a quarter of an hour Spiritual Reading, or their Sunday sermon. If they were accepted as members of the Sodality

they proved their fitness to continue by never dreaming of being absent from the weekly meeting. Even at that date frequent Communion was urged and generally practised in the College; but under no circumstances was a student or ecclesiastic supposed to leave the chapel without assisting at a second Mass of Thanksgiving. One hour every day was not considered too much for the Vice-President to spend with the boys in the Junior Department, this entire time being given to the study and recitation of Catechism lessons; one hour every day for six weeks was not too much for the President himself to give to the ten or twelve of this department who were preparing for First Communion. This thoroughness, however, no more than reflected the importance attached to the study of religion in the Curriculum of every class. It always impressed me as a most remarkable evidence of Sandwich training that the highest ambition of the most advanced students was to obtain the prize for Christian Doctrine. No time seemed too much to sacrifice in the prospect of gaining that coveted honour. It was worth while being a Latin scholar, it was a rare accomplishment to make a telling speech, but after all these were secondary. Equally significant was the fact that, next to the prize for Christian Doctrine in the ambition of all was the prize for Good Conduct. They who are left to recall the spirit of those days have no desire to see this changed. In their breasts is a deep-rooted veneration, a warmth of gratitude towards the Alma Mater who taught them in season and out of season that **"one thing alone was necessary."** Whatever the future may have to sacrifice to the needs of the hour, whatever changes must necessarily force themselves into the working of an institution in this very active age, the students of those early years continue to hope and pray that the importance of religious training above all else will be the guiding spirit of Sandwich to the end.

Cardinal Newman says that personal influence alone does not make a ruler; he must have also a genius for organization. No other quality stood out so prominently among the natural gifts with which the founder of Assumption was so richly endowed. Every undertaking soon resolved itself into a system. The many varied duties of a large staff, giving their attention to pupils of every age and standing, were performed day by day with the regularity of a perfect machine. No contingency was unforseen. As the body of students moved from one occupation to another there was a fixed position, or series of positions, to be taken by each master in charge. It was a favorite theory with the superior that in the preservation of order not great men nor great achievements were demanded, but that every master be always in his place. The surveillant who was observed forgetful or negligent in this point could count upon a form of reminder which generally forstalled all delinquency on his part in the future. The opening of a new year called for no new arrangements. The machinery moved regularly as a matter of course. The order priests and masters should observe in taking their turns on recreation, as occasional substitute in charge of the study hall, as examiner or examined in theological conferences, as reader during the spiritual exercises of the community, had all been settled years ago; why should there be any devia-

tion from it? Napoleon Bonaparte requiring his private tent to be pitched every evening in exactly the same relation to the points of the compass—whether the bivouac happened to be in Egypt, or Russia, or the Alps—is an example of adherence to a plan not so very far surpassing the systematic procedure which ruled the destinies of Sandwich College.

In the class-room Father O'Connor was practical, thorough, and interesting. The multiplicity of duties claiming his immediate attention never prevented his meeting the class punctually with the bell. On no account would he allow the hour of class to arrive without reserving ample time for preparation, and this after lecturing upon the same matter for the greater part of twenty years. Having appointed the Vice-President Director of Studies, his influence in this department was mostly of a general character. A life preoccupied with the details of business management in a growing institution leaves little leisure to study text books on Pedagogy. Had the development of this side of College work been entrusted to him, had circumstances thrown his energies unreservedly into this sphere, there is little doubt that with his love of study, his keen, practical judgment, his wonderful capacity for organization, his readiness to keep abreast of the times, the doings at Sandwich would have been felt as an inspiration in the Educational Conventions of the country. Very few present-day scholars are aware that before Ontario had opened its first school of Pedagogy and required High School Teachers to spend a term in training, the President of Sandwich College was assembling his staff to fortnightly conferences, where papers were read, and systematic discussion maintained, on methods of teaching the different branches prescribed by the curriclum. A generation ago Sandwich, like most Catholic Institutions of Canada and the United States, did not recognize the necessity in most cases, not even the advisability of having their programmes conform to that followed in the Public Schools of the country. Students were not prepared for Departmental Examinations, their success in after life remaining the principal test of the efficiency of their college training. Whatever may be said of that training, judged according to the canons of technical inspection, no other educational institution has so completely committed its fate to the verdict of its own graduates. And on the other hand no alumni have been more loyal than the alumni of Sandwich. To them were due entirely the crowded attendance of twenty-five years ago no less than the crowded attendance of today. Newspaper advertising, personal canvassing, are practically unknown in the history of the place.

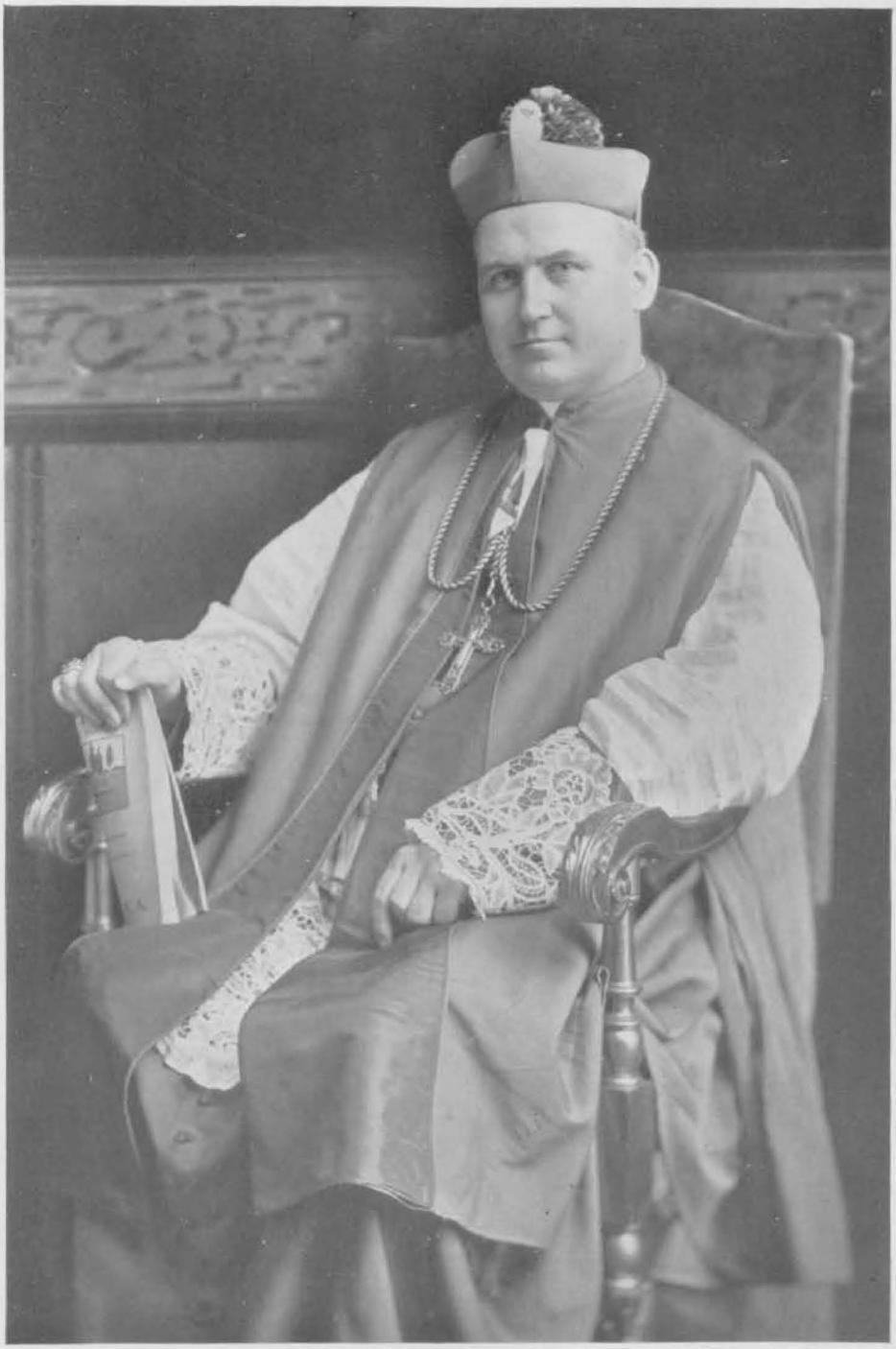
The reader has not to be told that maintaining so high a standard of work and regularity of life called for the eternal, unfailing attention of the head. Father O'Connor was always at his post. His life allowed no leisure for pastime or recreation. The writer remembers hearing him say during his last month at the College that, never once in the twenty years of his stay there, had he been so far away as Cleveland, and that he had yet to see Belle Isle Park for the first time. To the duties of Superior, interpreted in this onerous form, he joined those of Treasurer and Professor of Philosophy. Even the years in which he acted as Administrator of London Diocese, he relieved himself of

none of his college duties. He attended to all his own correspondence—he had no secretary then, nor afterwards as Bishop and Archbishop. It is often said that only very busy men have time for study. Father O'Connor, in the midst of all those responsibilities, found opportunities to make himself one of the first of Theologians. A life-long friend in the ministry used to say in later years: "Bishop O'Connor always seems to me to be possessed of something like an **Ecclesiastical Sense.** No matter what question is under discussion he is able, as if by instinct, to give a decision which, everyone feels, most admirably reflects the mind of the Church." On the occasion of his retirement from the See of Toronto, the public utterance of one of his priests gave expression to this idea in rather remarkable terms. After enumerating the great works of zeal to which our late Holy Father Pius X. had consecrated his pontificate—Education of the Clergy, Catechetical Instruction, Frequent Communion, Reform of Church Music, Uniformity of Marriage Laws—he pointed out that the strict observance of each of these had been **anticipated** in the Archdiocese of Toronto. "Archbishop O'Connor," he concluded, "retires with the consolation of knowing that every cause he zealously advocated is now calling forth the supreme approval of the Vicar of Jesus Christ."

To people of the world outside, with whom his position brought him into close contact, this erudite Theologian, this teacher of asceticism, was known as the keenest and cleverest of business men. Merchants and bankers were often heard regretting that so much ability was thrown away upon the management of a mere boarding school. The afternoon of his last day in the Sandwich was given to meeting a number of non-Catholic business men from Windsor and Detroit who assembled at the College to testify their appreciation of this ability by an address and presentation. And it is a fact to be recorded in passing, that throughout an episcopacy of twenty years the ring worn by this uncompromising defender of the Church and Her Doctrines was the gift of his Protestant neighbors on the occasion of his consecration.

There were touching scenes in Sandwich in those last days of his stay there, all the more touching to students who were not wont to associate excessive tenderness of feeling with the man of vigorous frame and still more vigorous will, always, it would seem, in the role of unrelenting strictness. But the stern disciplinarian was relieved of responsibility and the long-tried and truest of friends was going away; the loss was creating a void in the lives of those who remained behind. It was natural to expect that his guiding hand would be missed in the working of an institution over whose growth he had watched with such anxious care from the very beginning; singularly enough this phase of the situation seemed overlooked in the sense of personal loss so many found themselves experiencing in the break. It so happened that the Basilian Fathers were assembled for their annual retreat when the official documents announcing his elevation to the Episcopacy arrived. His confreres arranged an hour to offer their congratulations and have a word of farewell together; what was their surprise to observe the Bishop-elect, the hitherto inflexible superior, when attempting to make an informal

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Right Reverend M. F. Fallon, D.D., O.M.I.,

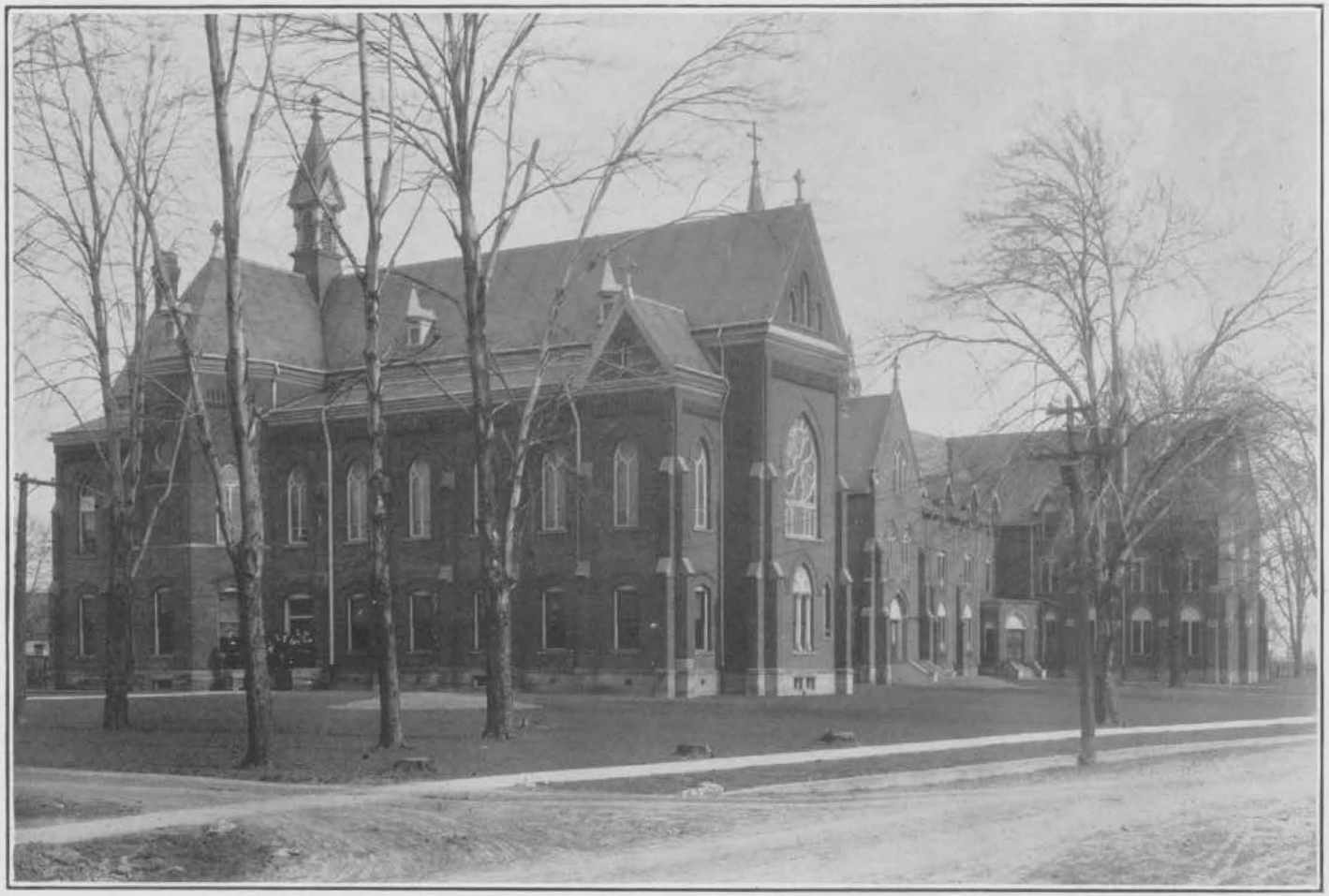
Bishop of London,

Under whose patronage the College is conducted.



Right Reverend John S. Foley, D. D.,

Bishop of Detroit.



THE COLLEGE.

History of the College.

WHEN Rt. Rev. John Walsh was consecrated Bishop of Sandwich in 1867, he found many things wanting in this comparatively new diocese in the Western peninsula of Ontario. But, to his mind, the greatest want was a good Catholic College. The Jesuits had founded a school in Sandwich in 1855, but shortly afterwards they were called to other fields of labor. To supply the need, Dr. Walsh appealed to the Fathers of St. Basil in Toronto, where he had resided before his elevation to the Episcopate, and where he had noted the success with which the priests of that Community were conducting St. Michael's College. In answer to his urgent request, the Basilians came to Sandwich in 1870, and to them was transferred the College building that had been erected by the Jesuits. In the previous year the Episcopal See had been transferred to London.

Rev. Denis O'Connor was named head of the new foundation. Under the administration of this able educator the College prospered from the beginning. The excellent work of Father O'Connor and staff attracted wide attention in Western Ontario, and in the bordering State of Michigan. Assumption College enjoyed from the very first year, to a remarkable degree, the confidence of the Bishop of London, of the Bishop of Detroit, and of the clergy of both dioceses. It was very soon realized that students entrusted to Father O'Connor and his efficient staff received an excellent Catholic education. By 1875 the attendance had increased to such an extent that plans for a new college were drawn and the first wing was constructed. In 1883 it was again found necessary to increase accommodations and the main building of the new College was erected. The College then had quarters for 150 boarders. Again, in 1890, when Dr. O'Connor was named Bishop of London, the house was taxed to its capacity. Each decade since has witnessed further expansion.

When Dr. O'Connor was consecrated Bishop and taken from the school that he had founded, the system of education which he had so firmly established and which had been so fruitful in results, remained. His successors and their staffs have been faithful to his ideals. The College has continued to do good work. "The tree is known by its fruits". To show the success with which the institution has been conducted it will not be necessary to follow all her graduates into the various professions and pursuits they later adopted and trace their success; it will be enough to note this fact: the College numbers among the "old boys", two bishops, several Monsignoris, and more than 300 priests who are laboring in the various dioceses of Canada and the United States. The constant growth and the continued success of the past seem to justify the ample extensions now being made, and to give promise of a very bright future.



THE STAFF.



THE STUDENT BODY.

Administrative Officers

1914-15.

President.

Rev. F. Forster, C. S. B.

Second Councillor.

Rev. J. J. Purcell, S. T. L., C. S. B.

Vice-President and Treasurer.

Rev. V. J. Murphy, C. S. B.

Secretary.

Mr. J. C. Casey.

Faculty.

Professors of Philosophy.

Rev. J. J. Purcell, S. T. L., C. S. B.
Mr. M. Bench, B. A.

Professors of Latin and Greek.

Rev. T. F. Gignac, C. S. B.
Rev. C. Collins, C. S. B.
Mr. Chas. Donovan, B. A.
Mr. J. Lodato.
Mr. E. Welty.
Mr. M. Bench, B. A.

Professor of History and Science.

Mr. E. Weiler.

Professors of English.

Rev. E. Burns, C. S. B.
Rev. C. Collins, C. S. B.
Mr. L. J. Long, B. A.
Mr. G. Blonde.
Mr. E. Weiler.

Professors of Mathematics.

Rev. F. Forster, C. S. B.
Mr. J. Lodato.
Mr. A. McNabb.
Mr. E. Weiler.
Mr. L. J. Long, B. A.

Professors of French and German.

Rev. E. Burns, C. S. B.
Mr. G. Blonde.
Mr. E. Welty.

Professors of Scripture and Christian Doctrine.

Rev. E. Burns, C. S. B.
Rev. C. Collins, C. S. B.

Professors of Business Course.

Rev. E. J. Plourde, C. S. B.
Mr. J. C. Casey.

Teachers in Preparatory Department.

Rev. P. J. Howard, C. S. B.
Rev. C. Collins, C. S. B.
Mr. A. McHugh.
Mr. A. O'Neil.
Mr. J. C. Casey.
Mr. T. Currier.
Mr. E. J. Tighe.

Prefects of Study.

Rev. P. J. Howard, C. S. B.
Mr. H. Chisholm.

Prefects of Recreation.

Mr. T. Currier.
Mr. A. O'Neil.

Piano, Voice and Instrumental Music.

Professor J. Napolitano.

Director of Glee Club.

Mr. J. C. Casey.

Director of Orchestra and Leader of Sanctuary Choir.

Mr. E. Welty.

Organists.

Mr. H. Olk.
Mr. R. Masales.

Chaplain and Master of Ceremonies.

Rev. J. J. Purcell, S. T. L., C. S. B.

Librarian.

Mr. J. C. Casey.

Director of Gymnasium.

Mr. W. N. Campbell.

Attending Physicians.

W. J. Beasley, M. D.
L. G. McCabe, M. D.



COLLEGE CHAPEL.

The College Chapel.

AT the annual reunion of the old students of the College in 1906, the alumni pleaded with the authorities of the institution to erect a new chapel. The Rt. Rev. Fergus Patrick McEvay, then Bishop of London, was present and most warmly endorsed the movement. All present assured the Basilians of their loyal support. The condition of the College Treasury at the time did not warrant the expenditure that a suitable building would entail, and up to this time the Basilians had never appealed for outside aid in any of their undertakings. The Alumni pleaded with them to make such an appeal. They pledged their support and they were true to their pledges. As a consequence, the corner stone of the Chapel was laid, St. Basil's Day, 1907. The building was completed within the year and dedicated June 14th, 1908.

All who see it are enamored of this beautiful Gothic structure designed by one of the finest Church architects of the country. Few College chapels on the continent are more graceful, more substantial, or more serviceable, than this gift of the Alumni to Assumption College. The edifice is an inspiration to piety for every student.

College Songs.

Alma Mater Songs.

1.—(Music, Beautiful Lady Waltz.)

Gladly, Alma Mater, we sing thy praise,
Fondly, Alma Mater, thy name we breathe.
Goodness, discipline, knowledge, thy gifts we prize,
And thy tender mother's care.
Where e'er, Alma Mater, our steps shall turn
For thee, Alma Mater, our hearts shall burn
With that grateful regard and that homage profound
That mark, Alma Mater, Assumption's sons.

2.—(Music, Clementine.)

Bonitatem, disciplinam, Alma Mater, doce me,
Bonitatem et scientiam, Alma Mater, doce me.

Chorus.

Alma Mater, tender mother, teacher, guardian, Assumption C.
How we love thee and revere thee, Alma Mater, Assumption C.
Chorus.
Greek and Latin, Mathematics, Alma Mater, please teach me.
I shall need them, I shall need them, in the world, where I'm to be.
Chorus.
Older brother, Alma Mater, as an honored son greets thee,
Older brother, younger students, as a model welcome thee.
Chorus.

Football Songs.

1.—(Music, "The Flowers that Bloom, etc."—Mikado.)

The worry and pain that you cause, football,
Are not in accord with good sense;
We must struggle and suffer and toil, football,
We are torn and bruised and smashed, football,
And this in the name of a sport, and this in the name of a sport.
For trouble is trouble and pain is pain,
But you would mingle in one these twain,
Hah, hah, hah, hah, hah,
Hah, hah, hah, hah, hah,
And this in the name of a sport.

Chorus.

Hah, hah, hah, hah, hah; Hah, hah, hah, hah, hah,
Nine hahs for your football game.

2.—The honor and fame we acquire, rah, rah,
Atone for the pains we must bear.
As we struggle and suffer and toil, rah, rah,
We think of the glory we bring, rah, rah,
To the College, whose colors we wear, To the College whose colors we wear.
For if we win glory and if we gain fame,
We honor the old school, give praise to her name.
Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah; Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
To the College whose colors we wear.

Chorus.

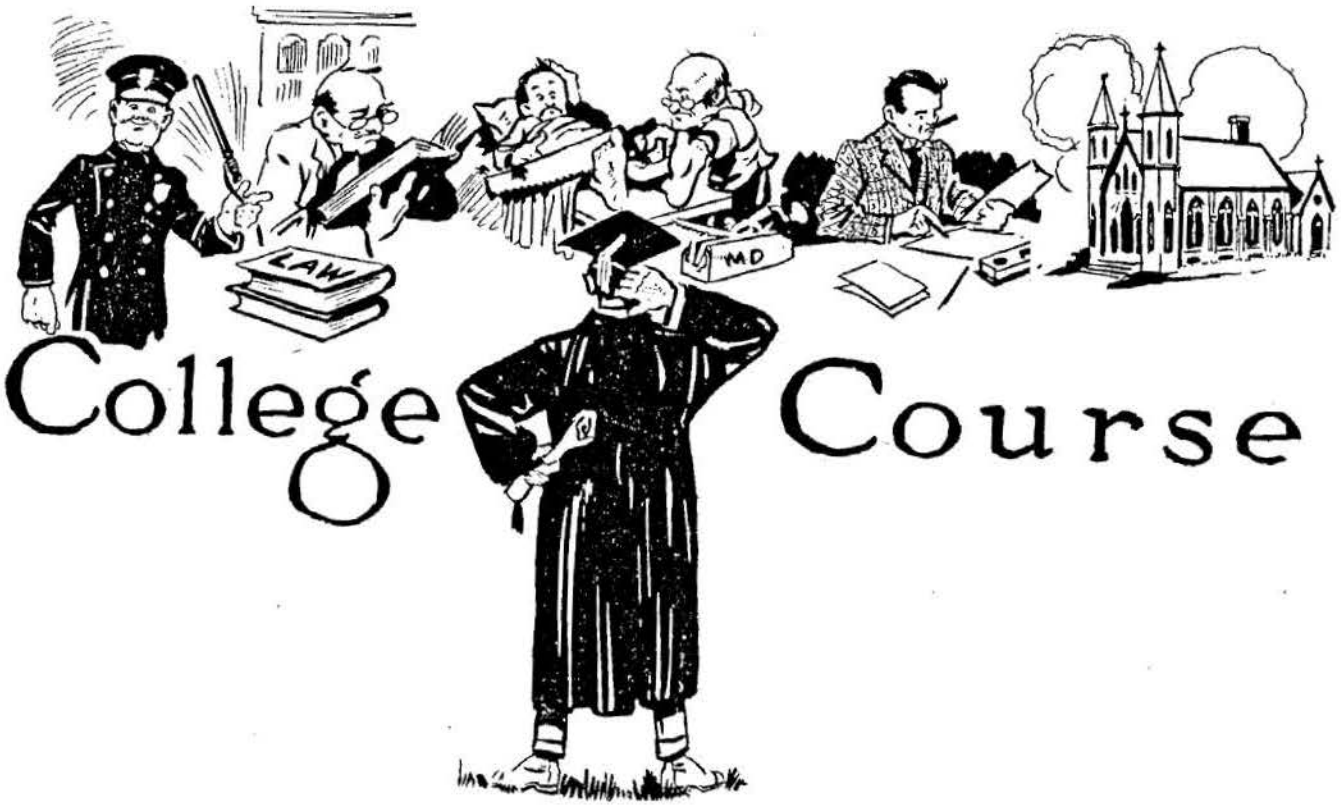
Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah; Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
Nine rahs for Assumption C.

3.—The honor and glory you boast, hah, hah,
Have nothing to do with the case.
For this is the way I must walk, hah, hah,
And this is the way I must smile, hah, hah.
With this caricature of a face, With this caricature of a face.
So when you shout glory and when you cry fame,
You really can't blame me if thus I exclaim,
Hah, hah, hah, hah, hah; Hah, hah, hah, hah, hah,
Oh, bother to glory and fame.

Chorus.—(As in first verse.)

4.—The honor and glory you won, rah, rah,
Make noble the wounds that you bear.
For when suff'ring and wounded you fell, rah, rah,
Just think of the hero you were, rah, rah,
Mid the comrades you cherish so dear, mid the comrades you cherish so dear.
For bones are soon mended and pains disappear,
But great deeds will linger for many a year.
Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah; Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
Mid the comrades you cherish so dear.

Chorus.—(As in second verse.)



College Course

The Graduate.

WHO can describe the feeling of the student on his graduation day? The youngster, now struggling with mazes of conjugations and declensions, can imagine for him, nothing but delight at the liberation from subjects which are the cause of regular nightmares. The graduate himself sees his departure in a different light. The exaltation of spirits naturally expected of him, is cooled by the contemplation of the vast panorama from which this last day has drawn the veil.

Former obstacles now appear like mole-hills in comparison with the mountains he is now asked to scale. Where before he had the guiding and charity-tempered hand of his superiors, ever ready to uplift him, now he must depend on his own strength and resources. But he has a trusty staff in the form of a solid Christian education, upon which he can rest when the stinging cuts of unthinking mankind try his endurance.

Full of significance, then, is the ending of the school year. For some it is indicative of a period of relaxation, but for the graduate it is one of the great epochs in his life. It is his introduction into the world of practical activity. No longer will he theorize; stern reality asserts itself now and he must bow before the inexorable tyrant.

The class of '15 goes forth, but not unarmed. The weapons this galaxy of youths has chosen to serve against all onslaughts are the shield of prayer and the broadsword of work. Refulgently, "Ora et Labora" stands out upon their crest, defiant to any aggressor. It is not a motto rich in intention, impossible in execution, but one which embodies the keynote to the Christian life and indicates the only royal road to success. If Fortune sees fit to reserve a niche in the Hall of Fame for any one of this number, it will be through these media only that it will be attained.

They are leaving their Alma Mater, but accompanying them is a golden chain of memories, which even Time will not efface. The influence of their comrades on the moulding of their characters is a factor which cannot but draw the sincerest acknowledgement of their indebtedness. It is the fact that they must leave them that puts the bitter in their cup of sweetness; but the best of friends must part and to this rule the exceptions are few. Class '15 unfortunately must follow the rule.



THE GRADUATES.

M. BAILLARGEON, G. L. BLONDE, W. HARDY, J. LODATO,
L. MARCHAND, A. McHUGH, T. MORAN, A. O'NEIL.

BIOGRAPHIES.

Magloire Baillargeon.

Magloire Baillargeon, of Tecumseh, Ont., spent the first six years of his classical course at St. Therese, P. Q. In 1913 he joined the Philosophy Class at Assumption. During his short stay among us he has devoted a large amount of his time mastering the English language, in which he has had wonderful success. As a member of St. Basil's Literary Society, he has on many occasions won great applause for his elocutionary talent. As a testimony of the confidence placed in him, he was appointed first sacristan and master of ceremonies in which offices he has acquitted himself with credit. May happiness and success be his faithful attendants through life!

Gregory L. Blonde.

Full of curiosity and hope "Greg." hurried through St. Joseph's Separate School, Chatham, and Montreal College. Then Assumption beckoned to him and he responded to the call of philosophy, which alone would satisfy his craving for knowledge. Here he has accomplished his work well. In addition to a splendid showing in scholastic work throughout his whole course, in his sophomore year he capably played the position of guard on the Varsity Basketball team. After this, abandoning all actual participation in athletics, he devoted himself to the duties of Secretary of the Athletic Association. Originator of the college pin and member of the Year Book staff attest to his executive ability. As a musician he numbers with the orchestra, being a clarionetist. In all things, he preserved that consistency of character which made him a favorite with his class-mates, who wish him in the future the same measure of success which has attended him here.

Walter Hardy.

Our sister-city across the strait has the distinction of being Walter's birthplace. There, in the preparatory school of St. Vincent de Paul, he imbibed the rudiments of his education. Afterwards his love for greater knowledge urged him to enter the University of Detroit, where he completed his course in 1912. During the next two years Walter pursued a different path of life, having joined the rank and file. But his speculative mind clamored for action and last September he joined the senior Philosophy Class at Assumption, where he has made many friends by his noble character and gentlemanlike bearing. Walter has received much due publicity in basketball circles, both as a player and coach of the game. We may be assured that a successful future is in store for him.

Joseph Lodato.

Joseph's advent was heralded in Niagara Falls, N. Y., on a cold wintry day in 1894. Since that time 'Joe' has spent the greater part of his time making things bright around him. After Matriculation and Honor Matriculation at Woodstock Collegiate, "Laudie" joined the Rhetoric class of Assumption in 1912. If the records were consulted most creditable results would vouch for the time since spent. The prowess he displayed for two years as guard on the 'Varsity' football team, raised him to the captaincy of the 1914 squad. For three years, moreover, he has been captain of the representative basketball team and it is due to his influence that this game has been adopted as an intercollegiate sport. With the latent possibilities, we know him to possess, and the inclination to profit by them, the success of Joseph's career is assured.

BIOGRAPHIES.

Leo Marchand.

Montreal College was the scene of Leo's first steps in the classics. Two years ago the thirst for Philosophy drove him to Assumption. His stay there, though not of great length, will long be remembered by the members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, for through his instrumentality the office was recited according to the Solesms. Such a free and easy going disposition as Leo possesses naturally sought expression in music, to which he devoted a goodly number of his spare moments. As a hobby, he undertook to supply fresh air "nolens volens" to his roommates, which often led to much discussion as to the nature of his heating system. Leo is a native of Tilbury, Ont.

Thomas Moran.

Born in the Township of Maidstone, in the County of Essex, Ontario, and received his primary education in the public school of that township. He then came to Assumption and took up the burdens of the Commercial course from which he graduated in 1906. After working for a year, he decided to get a further insight into the classics and started in the "Lit" department in 1907.

The St. Basil's Literary Society was always a pleasure to him and the society, recognizing his popularity and ability, chose him as its Vice-President in 1911. Always a punctual and zealous member of the Sodality since his entry into College, he was chosen prefect in 1913, and has been honored with that office ever since.

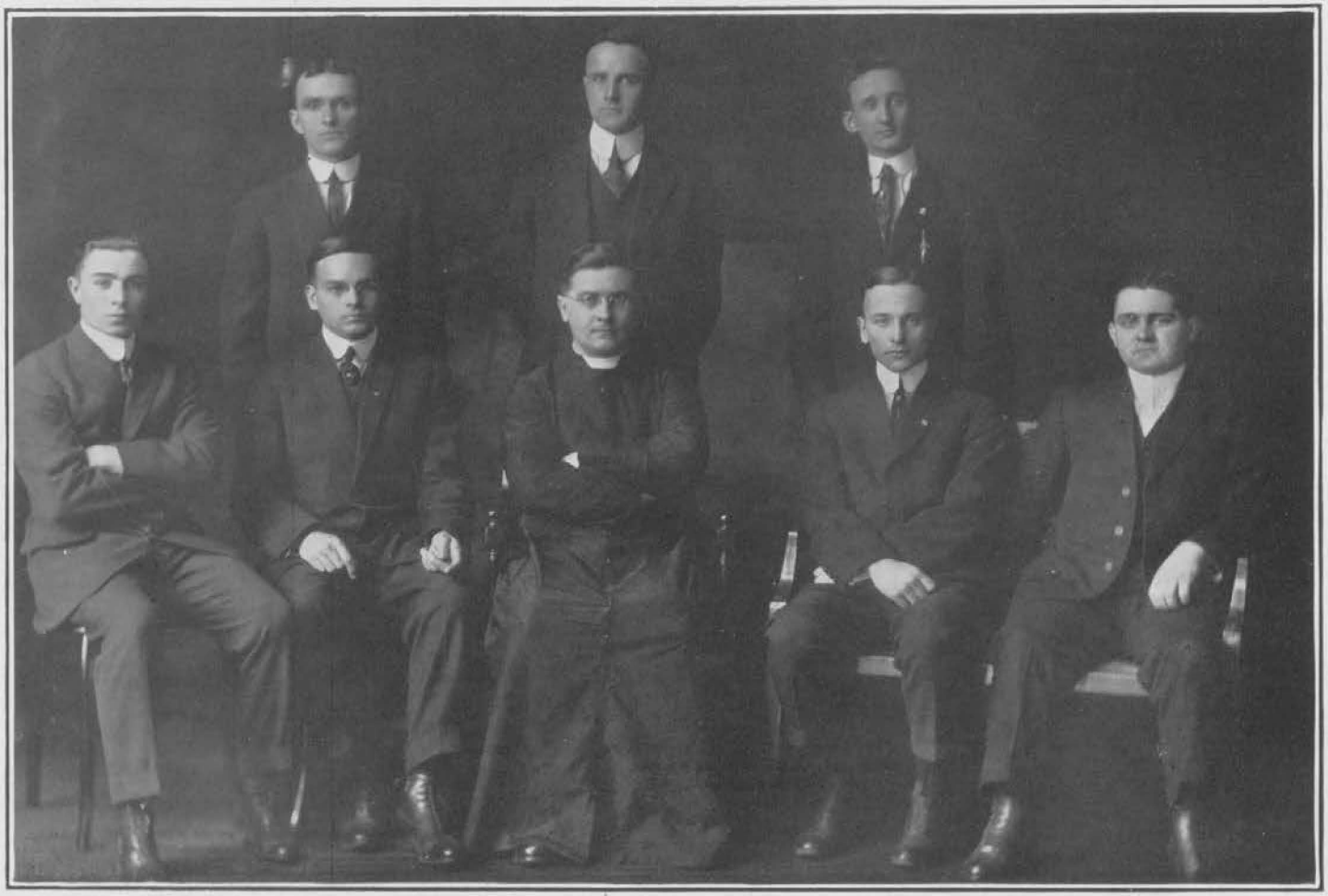
Tom's time was not taken up altogether with school work. He spent some of his time on the Athletic field as a member of the varsity football team for four years. He always has a cheerful word for everybody and his zealousness in his work is bound to bear fruit in years to come.

Arthur McHugh.

The history of the class of 1915 would be incomplete without the biography of Arthur McHugh. Coming from the city of Windsor "Mac" enrolled as a student in the year 1908, and pursued a most successful academic course. He particularly excelled in Christian doctrine, mathematics and English, and secured many recognitions in the shape of prizes for his faithful work, from the faculty. After graduating from the Academic course he continued the study of the higher classics and philosophy. His ability as a thinker is evidenced by the knowledge he attained and his thorough grasp of the great problems involved in Logic and Moral Philosophy. In all the games that go to make college life worth living "Jim" is an ardent supporter and plays most of them with considerable science. At handball, however, he is in his element. If the history of the past is any criterion of the future we are already assured of "Mac's" success in life.

Alexander D. O'Neil.

For the past nine years, Alex. has been a constant student at Assumption. Hailing from the prosperous town of Oldcastle, at an early age, he spent two years in the preparatory class laying the foundation for his future studies in the classics. Year after year he steadily advanced and through his untiring energy and application carried off several prizes both in the High School and College courses. However, it was not in the classroom alone that "Sandy" excelled, but upon the campus he displayed ability as an athlete. For two years he was the leading pitcher for the Belvedere nine, and one season helped to hurl the Stellas to victory. His congenial disposition and happy smile were ever apparent and secured for him the friendship and goodwill of both faculty and students.



CLASS '16.

History of Class '16.

THE permutations and combinations of character, disposition, tendencies, and peculiarities, are so varied and complicated that the task of extolling the merits of the students of Class '16 cannot by any means, be conceded as easy. The scribe, then, must be careful, lest his honorable classmates, throwing discretion and dignity to the winds, as no philosopher should do, descend upon him like a whirlwind with the machine guns of criticism, and drum him out of camp, as unworthy of his exalted privilege, before he entrenches himself beneath the protecting wing of the editor-in-chief.

We are few "'Tis true, 't is pity, and pity 't is, 't is true." Quantity is NIL to us, because what we lack in numbers we more than compensate for in versatility and ambition. Although thinned by the loss of a few members at the end of last June, our ranks were at once reinforced, and the acquisition of new blood spurred us on with increased vitality. Last year we had a foretaste of philosophy. But we are firm believers in the proverb:

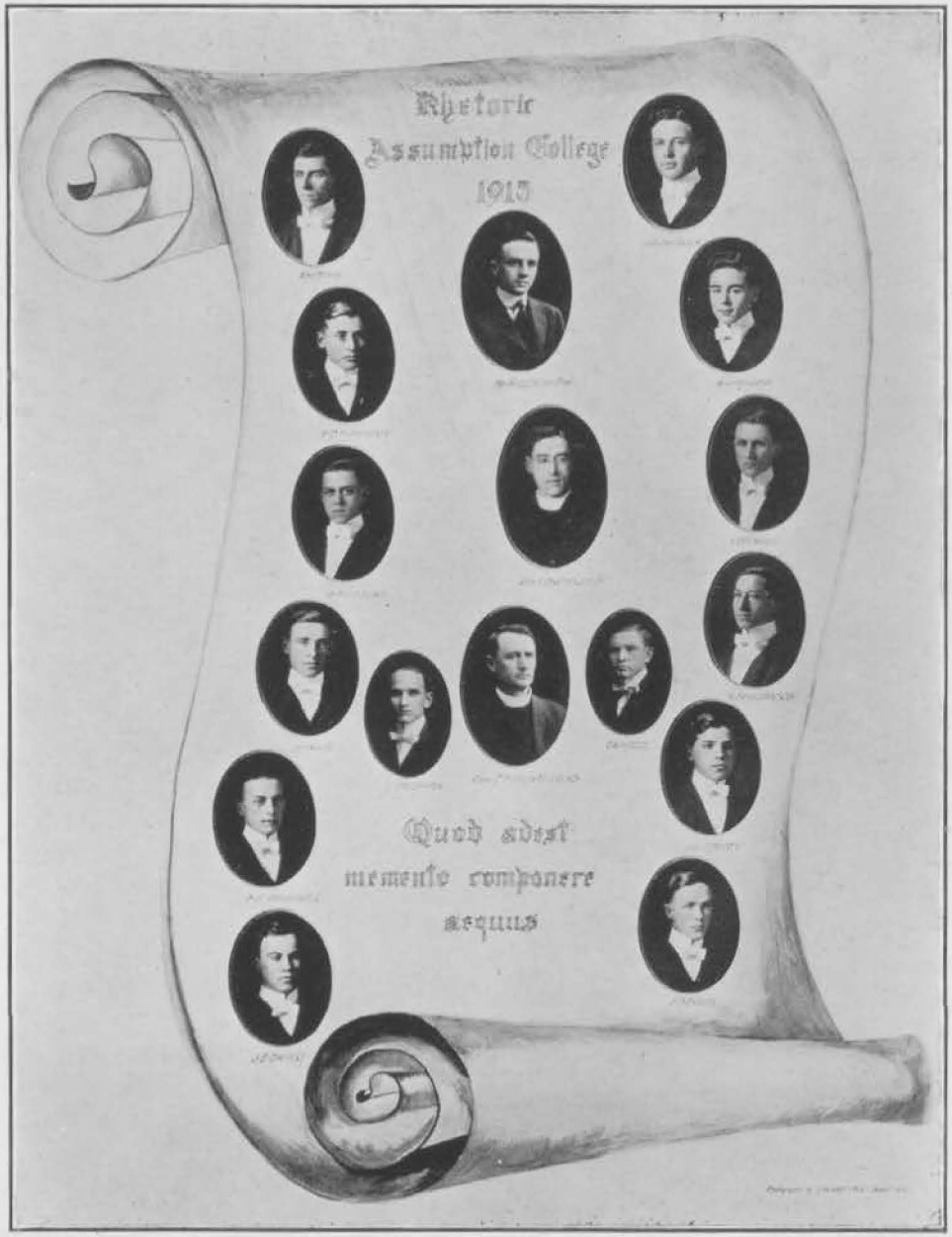
"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

This year we have delved far into its most intricate mazes, and suffice it is to say, that we have come through with colors flying, even to such an extent as to rival our more experienced seniors.

Our trio of recruits, Roi, Des Longchamps and Long, by their sterling qualities, not only in the class-room, but also in other lines of college activity, have greatly added to our efficiency. In philosophic speculation, Roi is the champion instigator of objections. Our dignified day-scholar, Des Longchamps, has a decided inclination to music and is an organist of some repute. The literary ability of Long, together with his natural tendency to wit and humor, won for him the position of secretary of St. Basil's Literary Society.

No class would be complete without its comedian, singers, musicians and athletes, and in this regard Fortune has smiled propitiously upon us. As a comedian and singer Sullivan is unexcelled. In fact he is a very personification of that little saying,—"The many things toward making life worth while, that's worth the most, that costs the least, is just a pleasant smile." The social side of our college life would be far from homelike, were it not for that excellent entertainer, Welty. He is director of the college orchestra and sanctuary choir, and a violinist of undisputed ability. In football he has played a star game at centre for the past three years. In handball Currier, together with McNabb, who has also displayed his prowess in basketball and other athletic pursuits, form a combination hard to defeat. Last, but not least, is our most sophisticated friend, "Bart" Gaffney. Here is a great advocate of "safety first," which being interpreted in Scholastic phraseology, signifies "Barneyism."

Class '16, composed of such members, has created for itself a reputation which brooks no rival. It has been to the front at all times and through dint of courage and perseverance, success has been its reward.


Rhetoric
Assumption College
1913
Quod adest
memento componere
aequus

CLASS '17.

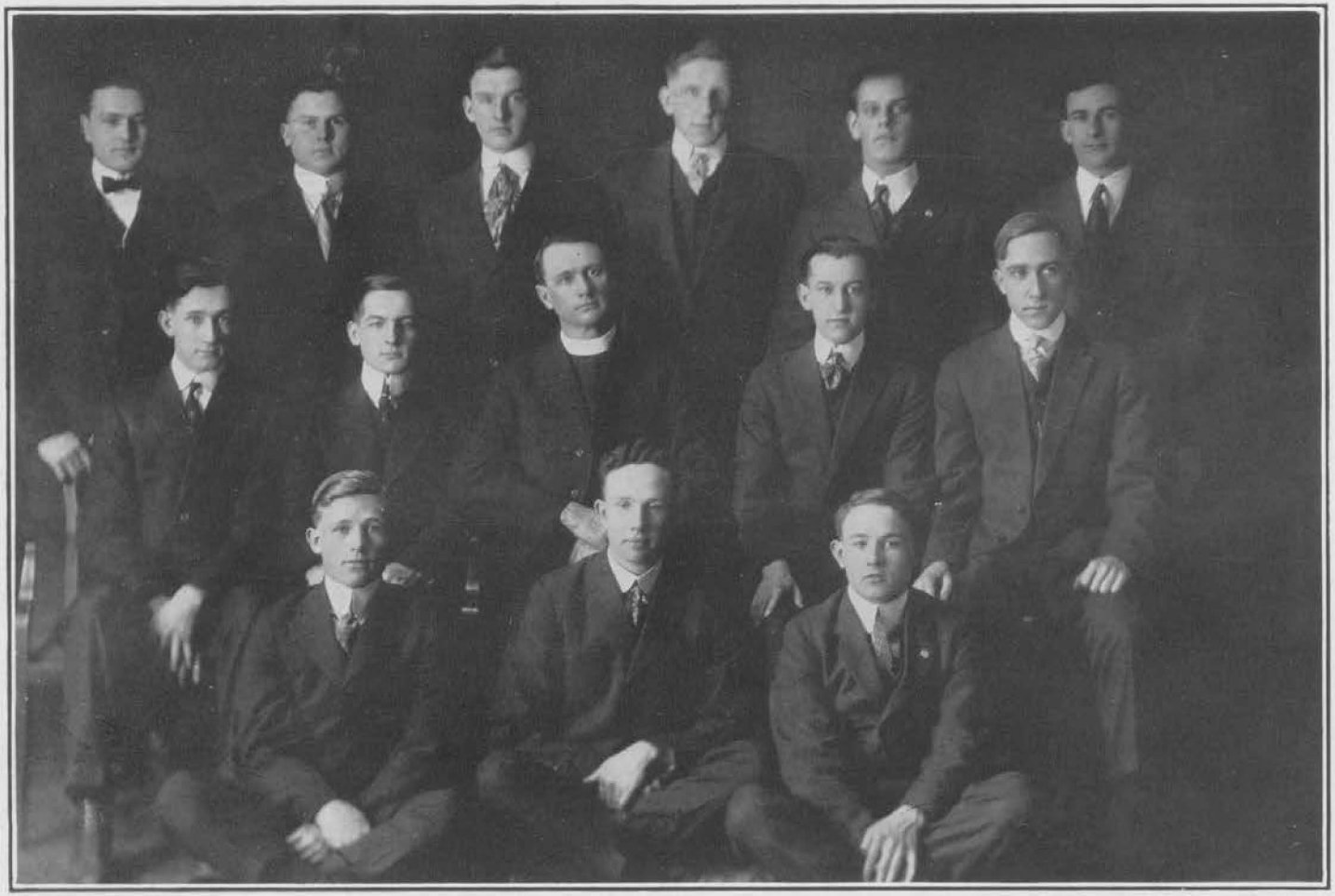
History of Class '17.

WHEN Assumption College reopened in September, 1914, only thirteen members of that famed B. L. P. A. again enrolled beneath her banner. Three of the eighteen charter members had long since departed from our midst, and two more, Chester Brennan and Cecil Winters, leading lights in college activities had transferred their endeavors to St. Basil's College, Waco, Texas. The past Christmas witnessed the departure of one more, Carl Heinkelmann, on account of illness. Now our class numbers but twelve, but where can be found a more exemplary dozen?

When popular clamor demands that Rhetoric 'strike' for a holiday what can we do but obey? Then does the lot of spokesman descend upon the shoulders of our president, Frank Bowen, and if it should prove too heavy for "Shorty," "Sandy" McNabb and "Brose" O'Donnell await no urging to enter the lists. Father Forster himself will testify as to the zeal with which they "strike."

In Dormitory IV. Mr. E. J. Tighe, an active member of Rhetoric, reigns supreme. His will is law, but as our own-ly comedian, John Louis Stacey expresses it, "Mr. Tighe may raise 'Kane' in the morning, but he wouldn't beat up on me, if he were 'Abel.'" In the Junior Study hall, another Rhetorician, Mr. Harry Chisholm, demonstrates the good results of Father Howard's tutoring. Moreover, he is well qualified to do so, for it would be rash to encroach upon a football guard and heavyweight wrestler like 'Arry.' No college organization would be complete without one or more of our class-mates. What would become of the 'Auroral Association' if 'Brose' O'Donnell should reform, and West Flannery were to delay arising? Would College be the same without our comic star, John L. Stacey and Leo Ward, the latter with his motto, "Dulce est desipere in loco"? The Mump Club garnered three of our number and gave them joy for a while. It would hardly be a double quartette if Herman Fedewa were lacking, nor would the choir sound the same if "Shorty" Bowen, Alfred Feldpausch and Herman resigned. Those who put life into the handball tournaments were our co-members, Jack White and "Sandy" McNabb, andmoreover, Jack is the mainspring of the baseball team. Last but not least, comes "Jeggar" Dwyer, who has never failed to uphold the lofty traditions of Ann Arbor. Rhetoric had representatives on the football, baseball, basketball and handball teams, and in college entertainments some of our number were essential.

With just pride, then, can we—Rhetoricians—in times to come, look back upon this imposing record in our Alma Mater, Assumption College.



CLASS '18.

Class History of '18.

MY task is a pleasant one. To record the successful achievements of the class of '18 cannot be other than gratifying. It is in all sincerity that I say successful achievements. Nor de we arrogate to ourselves the credit for them, but rightly assign the major measure of credit to the skilful direction of the faculty. We feel, however, some gratification in our success, having played our part in response to the efforts made in our behalf.

Ten months have come and gone and our determination that this year should not be merely a marker of an unproductive flight of time, has been fulfilled. We regard with satisfaction the results of our first term in the college course. Study has been our primary object and towards it especially, we have directed our energies. We realized its prime importance and desirous of becoming more thoroughly acquainted with our work, we petitioned for an addition to our regular study periods. This being granted, we now have the supreme satisfaction of seeing every member of our class honorably acquitted at the end of our term.

The talent in our class-work has been equally distributed. Rockwood excelled in Mathematics, solving complicated quadratics and multiple angles with seeming ease. In languages, Mackesay and Harrigan held sway, rapidly turning and re-turning Latin, French and Greek into the vernacular. J. C. Kelly claims Christian Doctrine as his forte and each successive competition found him defending his position in the lead. As examples of continuous application combined with good will, no better can be found than P. G. McKeon and W. Bathe.

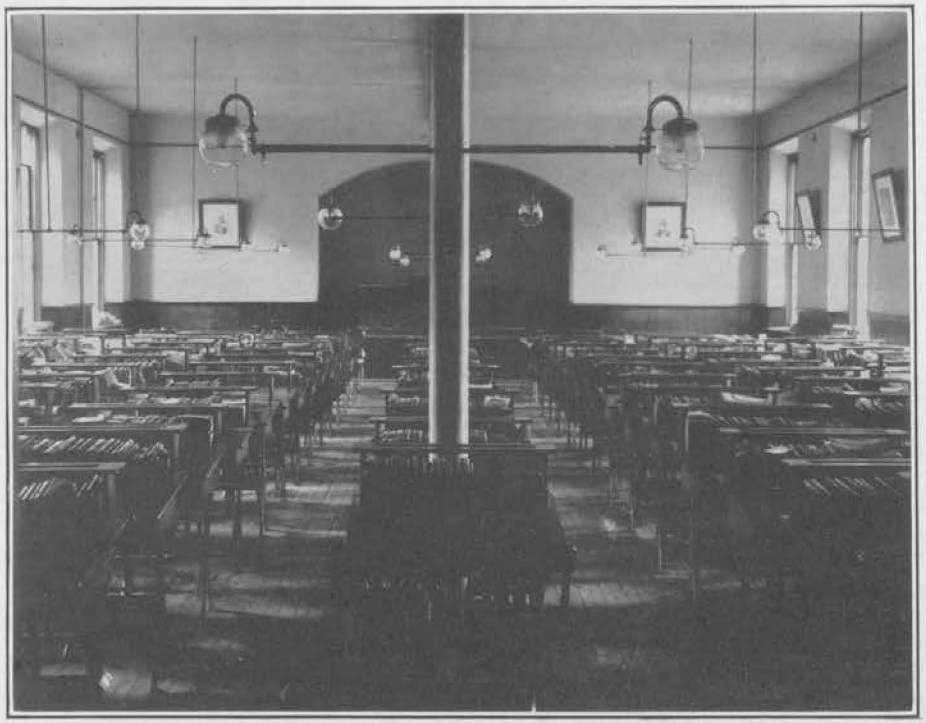
Our endeavors have not been confined to class-room and study hall solely. Many of us have devoted our recreations to particular branches of Athletics, and have accomplished there marked proficiency. The prowess, which Chas. Kelly, Arthur Cotter and Henry Smith have displayed in the great college sports, baseball, football and handball, is worthy of mention. In handball tournaments John Jordan has represented us well.

In the auditorium of our literary society we have established an enviable record. John Glavin, Ray Howley and William Storey have, especially, done creditable work in entertaining and instructing the audience by essay and oration Our year in itself has not been a paragon of production. We have simply planted a seed which, nourished by wholesome conditions, will eventually blossom and bring forth fruit abounding in materialized hopes. We have shaped the course of our mental and moral growth in the way of Christian manhood, which alone bespeaks much.

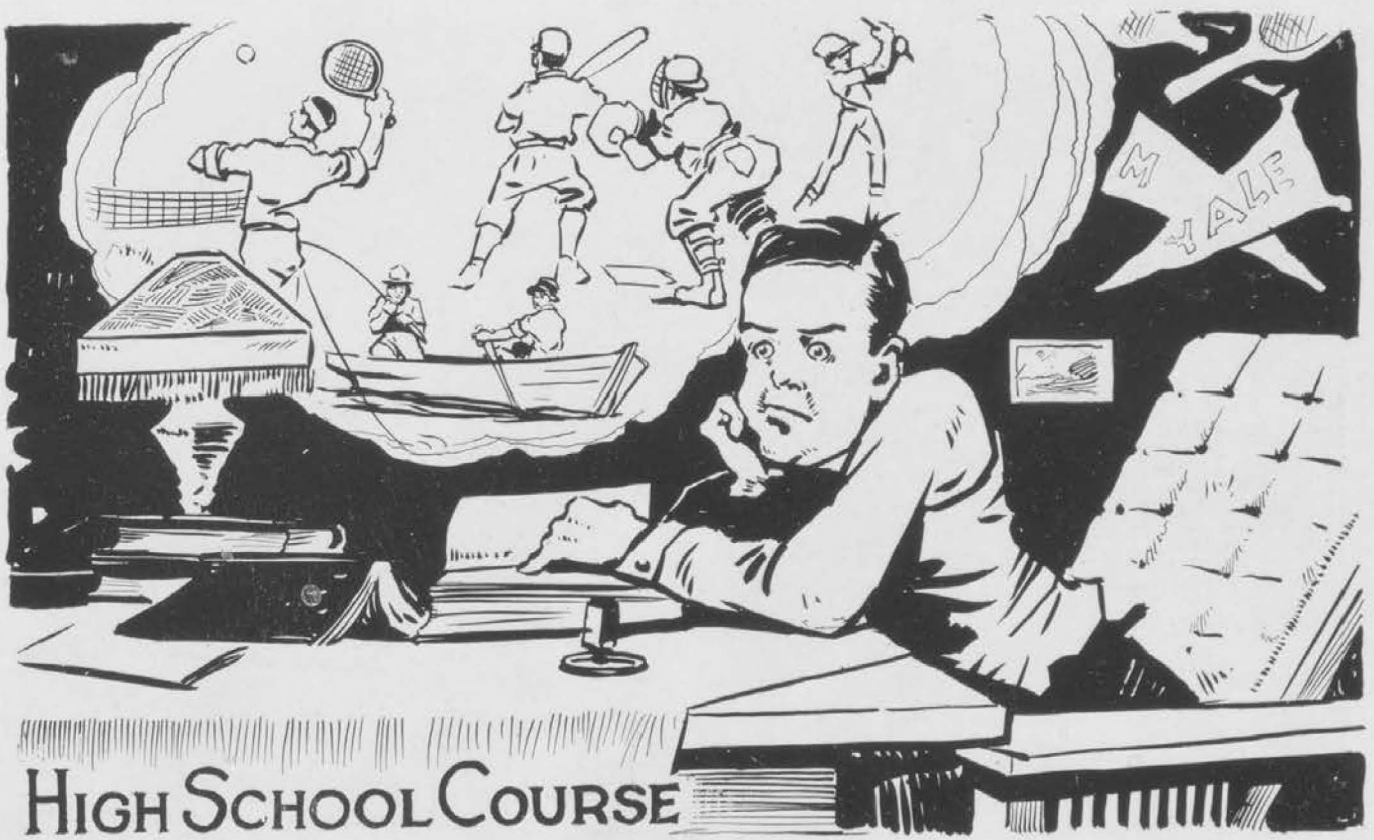
Animated by the faith and hope that underlies our endeavors, yea, our very lives, and pausing for a moment to consider the past, as a criterion, we, the class of Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen, look forward with confidence to a fruitful future.

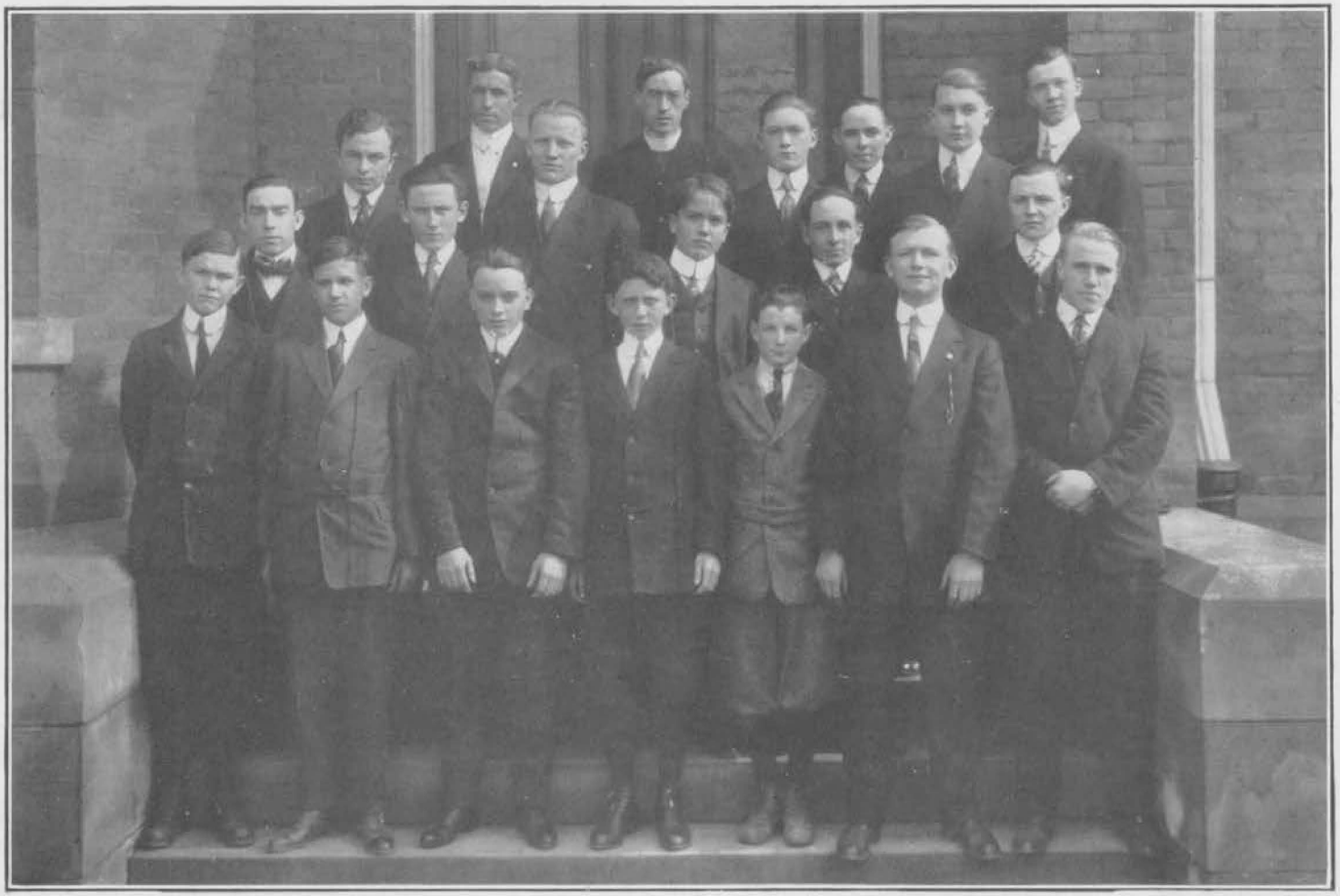


THE REFECTORY.



THE SENIOR STUDY HALL.


HIGH SCHOOL COURSE



CLASS OF FOURTH YEAR HIGH SCHOOL.

Fourth Year Class Chronicle.

"Spes Messis in Semine."

IN September 9th, 1914, Fourth Year reorganized for the final term of its academic career. We found we were not too old to grow, five new members having joined our ranks. These were: "Obie" O'Brien, who has since developed into a formidable Shakespearean critic; H. Ryan and C. Dwyer, whose scholarly achievements enabled them to "jump" Third Year; "Bob" Curley, a humorist of note, and R. LeBoeuf, an accomplished artist, both of whom squandered three whole years at other colleges before fortune brought them to us.

At the beginning of Fourth Year we were formally introduced to Homer, Xenophon and Vergil. Before we had advanced very far with these illustrious individuals, we found ourselves in a pretty predicament. But we stood up like valiant soldiers and withstood the onslaught of the authors, without once resorting to the "cavalry" for assistance. Indeed, as we rambled about Troy, meandered through Persia and embarked for Carthage, the "horse" was conspicuous by its absence, which fact was eloquent of our sterling worth.

Just as we were beginning to realize what confronted us, football came like a God-send to relieve our minds and dispel the gathering gloom. Fourth Academic contributed the following members to the "Varsity" squad: "Bert" Bertram, "Os" Mailloux, "Cupid" Olk and "Zeus" Finsel. Under the generalship of O. Mailloux, Fourth Year won the Academic football championship. Our manager, F. Hymes, presented us with numerals, but owing to the high cost of living, we were unable to procure sweaters upon which we might display them.

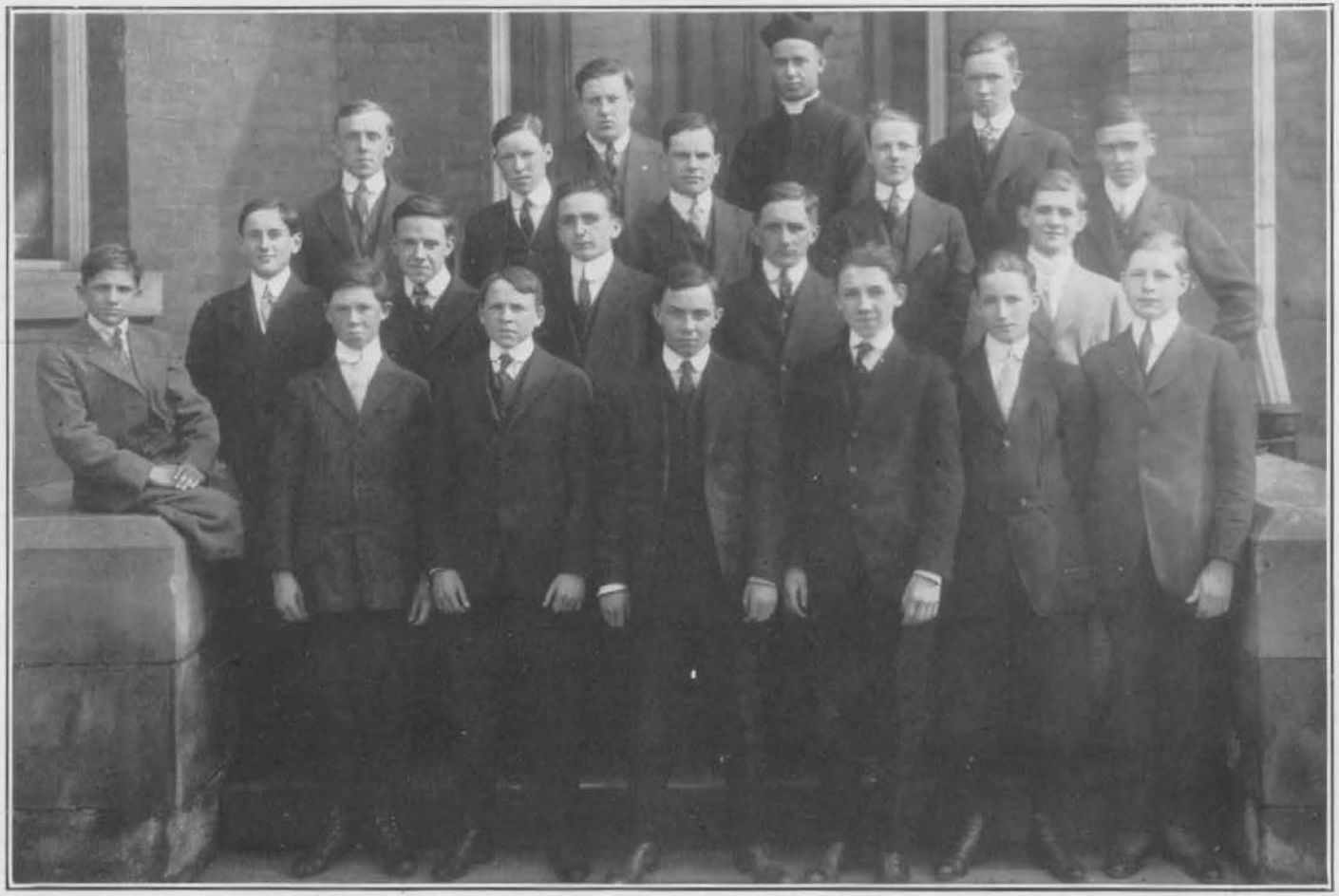
After football had subsided, the lull that followed was broken by the inauguration of inter-class basketball. O. Mailloux was elected captain and guided us once more to the port of Academic championship. "Zeus" Finsel, O. Mailloux and L. Ryan, our worthy classmates, afterwards distinguished themselves on the "Varsity" quintet.

By this time the boys had begun to anticipate Xmas holidays and incidentally, "exams." Those who had previously discountenanced "plugging on rec," were now daily observed to emerge from the study hall, bound for the campus, with text books tucked under their arms. However, we worried and fretted our way through "exams." and then "pulled up stakes" for the holidays.

Fourth year has contributed several musicians to the different musical organizations of the college. F. Hymes, "Cupid" Olk, "Bunny" Loeher, "Obie" O'Brien, "Bert" Bertram and "Fritz" Selinski sang in the double quartette, whilst the first four of these gentlemen and S. Parks contributed much talent to the college orchestra. Austin O'Brien, who joined us at Christmas, helped to complete the numbers of the choir and glee club.

On account of the rigidity of matriculation work, we were unable to devote much time to wit and humor. However, we were by no means to be classified under the category of "mopes," for "Gas" Lassaline, "Bob" Curley and "C" Drew occasionally interrupted the progress of class with a spark of humor, while J. Burger and J. O'Neil, the class "cut-ups," contributed many capricious incidents. A. Droste, an accomplished yet humble youth, divided his spare moments between physical culture and music. The professors seemed to "pick on" the day-scholar triumvirate, L. Dorsey, T. Cadarette and "Gas" Lassaline, more than "Rufus" Mohan and "Runt" Heffron. All, however, endured successfully the brunt of attack.

Glancing back over this year, we cannot help expressing a genuine regret, and as we realize that, as a class, Fourth Year Academic will soon be no more, we are obliged to "swallow the lump" in our throat, and resolve for the future to live in the past.



CLASS OF THIRD YEAR HIGH SCHOOL.

Third Year High School.

Theorem: "Given twenty eager boys, tending to a point, Knowledge, trace the passage taken, the points passed through, and the results obtained."

This is the problem sent forth from the editor's sanctum with instructions to solve and solve quickly. With the proficiency which Third Year has gained in this particular branch of study, such a task could only afford pleasure.

We begin upon a foundation of two years' solid work. The point, Knowledge, appears on the distant horizon, resplendent and beautiful, hallowed by the contributions of Ages

The course pointed out lies over a broad path, along the sides of which, as along every path, lie different kinds of obstacles. In one place we see the rock of Discouragement, in another, the poisonous fountain of Wasted Time. These are the most obvious from the beginning.

Our passage begins. We have advanced in a body but three weeks, when the pitfall of Homesickness yawns fearfully under our feet. Some trip into its capacious mouth and thus our number is decreased. A cool and shady path, Athletics, suddenly offers itself. A too lengthy sojourn in its refreshing shade retards some of our number, who must perspire freely to overtake the crowd again.

"What an *awful bump!*" exclaim "Jimmy" Burns, "Dormir" Sturn, "Snookums" McGrath, and "Pussy" McKeon, as they arise rubbing their heads.

"I counted at least one hundred stars," returned "Dutch" Koenig, "Larrie"Ahern and "Joe" Greiner, in chorus.

The old wire, Christmas exams., had tripped them up when they were least expecting it. The others had noticed it in time, and thus had foreseen a calamity.

"I don't see how I can get any farther," moans Gerard Todd, tugging at an irregular French verb, which was firmly lodged in his foot.

"Cheer up, you can make it alright," consoles Blaise LeBoeuf, whom Algebra had once dealt a knock-out blow.

"If you fellows would only stay in the middle, you wouldn't be getting into difficulties," sang out Kennedy, McCloskey, Phillips and Bensette from ahead. This advice was followed for some time and was found to work admirably.

"Wait a minute!" What's your hurry?" puffed big "Bill" Degan from the rear.

"That's what I say," wearily enjoined "Red" Kane, "Lol" Warden, "Theatre" Hine and "Jim" Hogan. It was a breathing space, they wanted, known commonly as a review.

Thus we hastened along during our ten months' journey. It was by no means uninteresting, for with Caesar and Xenophon as leaders, any other state of affairs could not exist.

We will not be able at present to solve completely our theorem, for we have been told that the point, Knowledge, is still a great distance away, but to the attainment of which our best efforts must be directed. It is the general intention, however, after a brief rest at the inn, "vacation," to resume our course thither.



P. Bart. J Loftus . P. Ryan C. Lursh R. Purcher T Vahey J. De Lisle

CLASS OF SECOND YEAR HIGH SCHOOL.

T. Kelly . E. Wahla R. Pettipren J. Sousalla . B. Turner R. Masalos J. McMillan . R. Popp . M Coutts

B Geller. E Allen. Jr Collins E Carey J. Paquette

L. Page E. LeBel W. Garvey C. Mugan T Moylan SS F murphy

Second Year High School.

E. Carey—Laugh and the world laughs with you.

R. Masales—More brilliant than bits of broken glass.

P. Bart—Much may be had for the asking.

R. Pipp— Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops.

R. Durocher—There's a silver lining behind every cloud.

J. Paquette—He is a great observer and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.

J. Susalla—'Tis meet that noble minds keep ever with their likes.

E. Wahla—He was quick metal when he went to school.

E. Garvey—And still the wonder grew That one small head could carry all he knew.

J. Langell—And tell them that I will not come today.

C. LeBel—Never so rich a gem was set in worse than gold.

C. Larsh—Understand a plain man in his plain meaning.

F. Murphy—I hear a tongue shriller than all music.

T. Moylan—What you would work me to, I have some aim.

P. Ryan—I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this new life.

L. Page—A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.

M. Coutts—Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like a man cut in alabaster.

T. Kelly—All that glitters is not gold.

E. Allor—A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross.

J. DeLisle—Would he were fatter.

R. Petipren—One in whom the ancient Roman honor more appears.

C. Mugan—You have no such mirror as will turn
Your hidden worthiness in your eye.

T. Vahey—Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.

B Forner—I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit—

J. McMillan—Constant as the northern star
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

W. Savage—And every one doth shine, But there's but one in all doth hold his place.

B. Geller—Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

J. Loftus—Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.



CLASS OF FIRST YEAR HIGH SCHOOL.

First Year High School.

IF you had seen the crowd of eager-faced boys who presented themselves early last September as candidates for First Year, the question would have arisen, "Where shall we put them?" True enough, to find accommodation for such a large number was a real problem. But by a few alterations, we were soon comfortably located and the pruning knife remained unused.

Like all other boys entering upon college life for the first time, we were greatly interested at the start. As the novelty wore away and hard work confronted us, pangs of homesickness shot through our systems, trying our spark of manhood to the utmost. But ambition came to our rescue, and, on looking back now on what seemed an eternity then, we ask ourselves whither has the time so quickly fled.

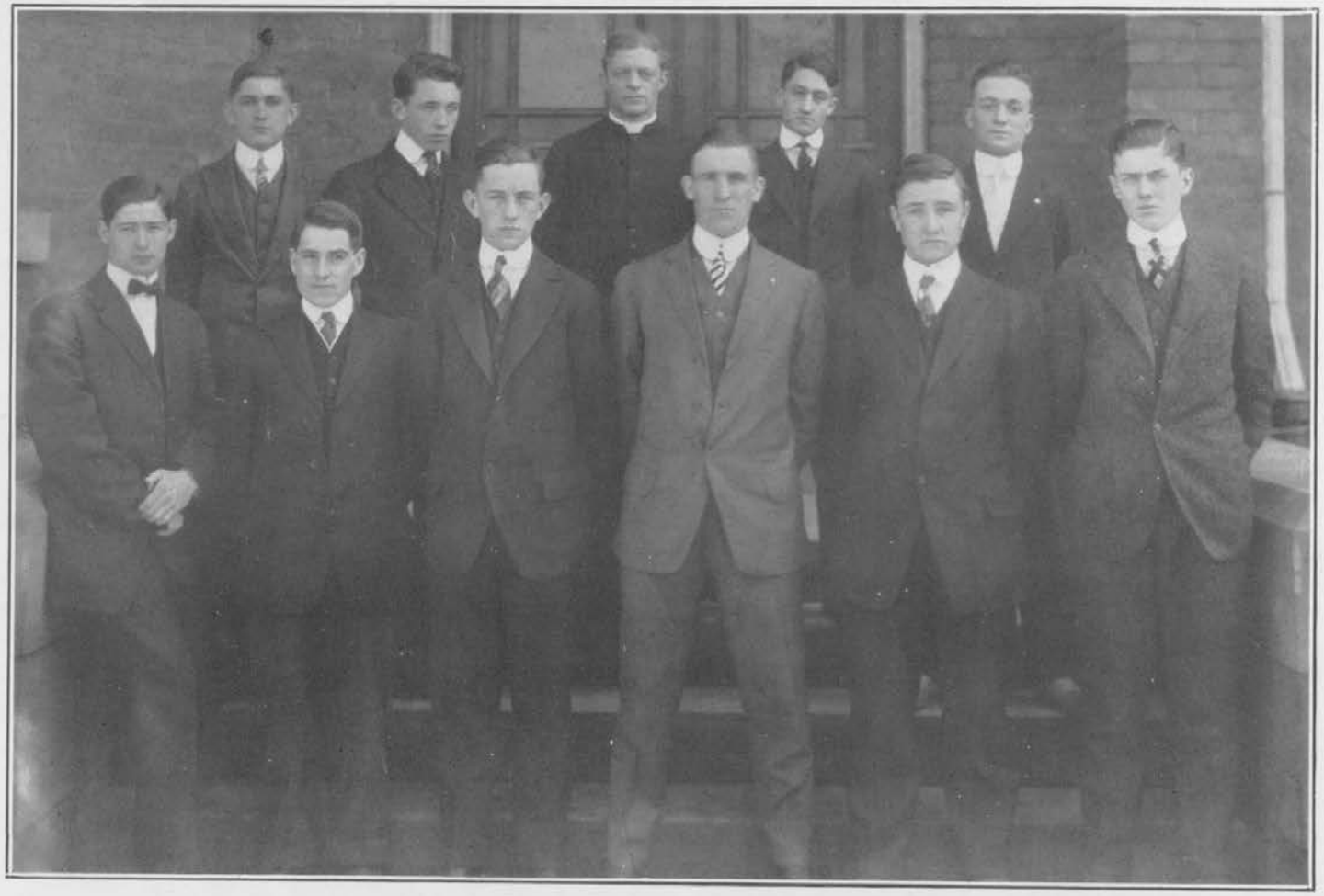
To see us at work would surely rejoice the heart of any fond parent, and the work I refer to embraces the whole scope of college life. To be sure, class and study march hand in hand in the order of importance. Hence we introduce our living class-phonograph which seldom fails to be in fine working order. These are its parts. Benner and Page are the main springs, John Hall the case so smooth, Casey the horn so large, Dupuis the needle so fine, Jacques supplies the record, whilst our crank is O'Neil. With such an outfit do you wonder why our professors marvel at the harmony?

In athletics we have shown that while young and inexperienced we can hold our own with those our size. We boast of a champion wrestler in the person of Albert Vernier; an aspirant for boxing honors in Clarence Murray; a laurel winner in minor handball circles in John Schrauder; a star football player, and a "comer" in Walter Dunne. Basketball would not be complete without Kessel and Mascar, the latter playing with the representative team of the College.

On Sunday mornings, the melodious voices of Kolb and Christie represented us in the choir. Then our study periods would lose half their efficiency if the pure tones of the violin, mastered by one Paul Vogel, did not reach our ears.

Unfortunately the amount of space allowed suppresses my desire to include all the wonders of First Year. Who would overlook our class comedian "Bill" Long; our irrepressable friend Pitre; our two "little" boys, Frank Skiffington and "Special" White; our easy-going Ted Collins and our paragon of application, Laporte? But suffice it, to say that we form a perfect whole, kept in fine working order by the oil of congenial companionship.

Our first lap in the Collegiate course is completed. Knowing that the success in years to come depended upon the success of the first year, we have endeavored to plant a foundation upon which we could rely. Our fondest hope now is that Fortune will allow us to complete the structure we have begun, by allowing us to return fresh and zealous in September.



COMMERCIAL CLASS.

Commercial Class.

THIS short sketch introduces that band of youths who will represent Assumption in the world of commerce. Poorly indeed, would mankind fare were it not for the man of business. Hence with the view of advancing the progress of the world materially, and providing the means, without which other enterprises could not be carried out, these young men have decided to devote their energies to efficient modes of looking after the almighty dollar. They will speak for themselves.

When we began our fall term we were only nine in number, but after Christmas our ranks were swelled to fourteen. To most of us, college life was an innovation, but when we had 'sized' it up we recognized there, on a small scale, a figure of that life which we would make our own after a period of preparation. In the college as in the world, there is competition—both in the class-room and on the campus we experience a striving for superiority. In each we have our disappointments and failures as well as good fortune and success. What, then, could be more beneficial to the commercial student than a close inquiry into every phase of life as presented here in miniature, in preparation for the battle of life we are preparing to enter.

Such a diversity of character as we possess in commercial class is worthy of some comment. Where can there be found a better example of "endless industry" and stalwart manhood than in Max Kelly? Even "Joey" Gallagher, who graduated, but recently, to long trousers, while not being fully developed yet, has interesting characteristics. Our inseparable friends, Harold O'Brien and Elden Hughes, comedians of some note, endeavor to keep in evidence the silver lining of every cloud. Of no parental connection with the famous German family, is honest Bernard Krupp. Unpleasant to relate he has one mean trait, which is an inordinate love for torturing unto shrieks of agony a poor fiddle which never harmed him once. If Lawrence Mousseau attains the height he is aiming at, and the down on his cheek keeps pace, we can safely say that tonsorial parlors will receive a marked increase in revenue.

The memory of a brave attempt to join the Rugby squad last fall still spurs Charles O'Connor on to great expectations. From every present indication we are able to predict a wonderful opening in the "Fish" business for "Joe" Clancy and "Abbie" Mailloux, if the retreat has not decided otherwise for them. For "Bob" Whitney, however, we advise the following of blasting operations, owing to the "live" interest he displayed recently during the wrecking of the old foundations. Elmer O'Connell joined us at the "eleventh hour" but if the parable were followed out, his reward will be none the less diminished. Finally, the class would not be complete without our twins, Leo and Grant, in it (Ennett).

With the double advantage of Catholic surroundings and uninterrupted study, our year's work can by no means be without fruit. The Religious Knowledge and kind directions we have received, will tend to a great extent to curb that pecuniary lust, the curse of the age and help to keep fresh in our minds, our duties, civil as well as religious.



STUDENTS OF PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Students in the Preparatory Department.

Wilfred Badour.
Francis Breen
Francis Black.
Donald Brophy.
Fred Brune.
Grant Brusso.
Thurman Brooks.
Charles Buehler.
Edward Carleton.
Eugene Cronan.
Hugh Cowan.
Charles Dumouchelle.
Matthew Donnelly.
Fred Dalton.
James Donnelly.
Gerard Gerard.
Edgar Gerard.
Raymond Guerin.
Albert Hendorf
Omer Jacques.
Joseph Kennedy.
Godfrey King.
Edgar Ladouceur.
Roy Lagorio.
Chas. Lee.
James McGillick.
Joseph McEvoy.
Joseph Manley.
Francis Marentette.
Clarence Marchand.
John Mullen.
Robert Nichols.
Wilfred Nicholson.
Arthur O'Connor.
Henry O'Keefe.
Stanley Postle.
Earl Pratt.
George Price.
Edward Pratt.
Stanley Peltier.
Norman Reaume.
Chas. Reaume.
Harry Ratchford.
Frank Rusette.
Russel Rogers.
Fred Russo.
Paul Rivard.
Fred Schulte.
Laurence Sheehy.
Arthur Sturn.
Arthur Soumis.
Anthony Soma.
Lester Stevenson.
Oliver Trombley.
Robert Tschirhardt.
Albert Trudelle.
Horace Thurber.
Laurence Vogel.
Bradley Walker.
George Weiler.
Raymond White.
Telesfor Walker.



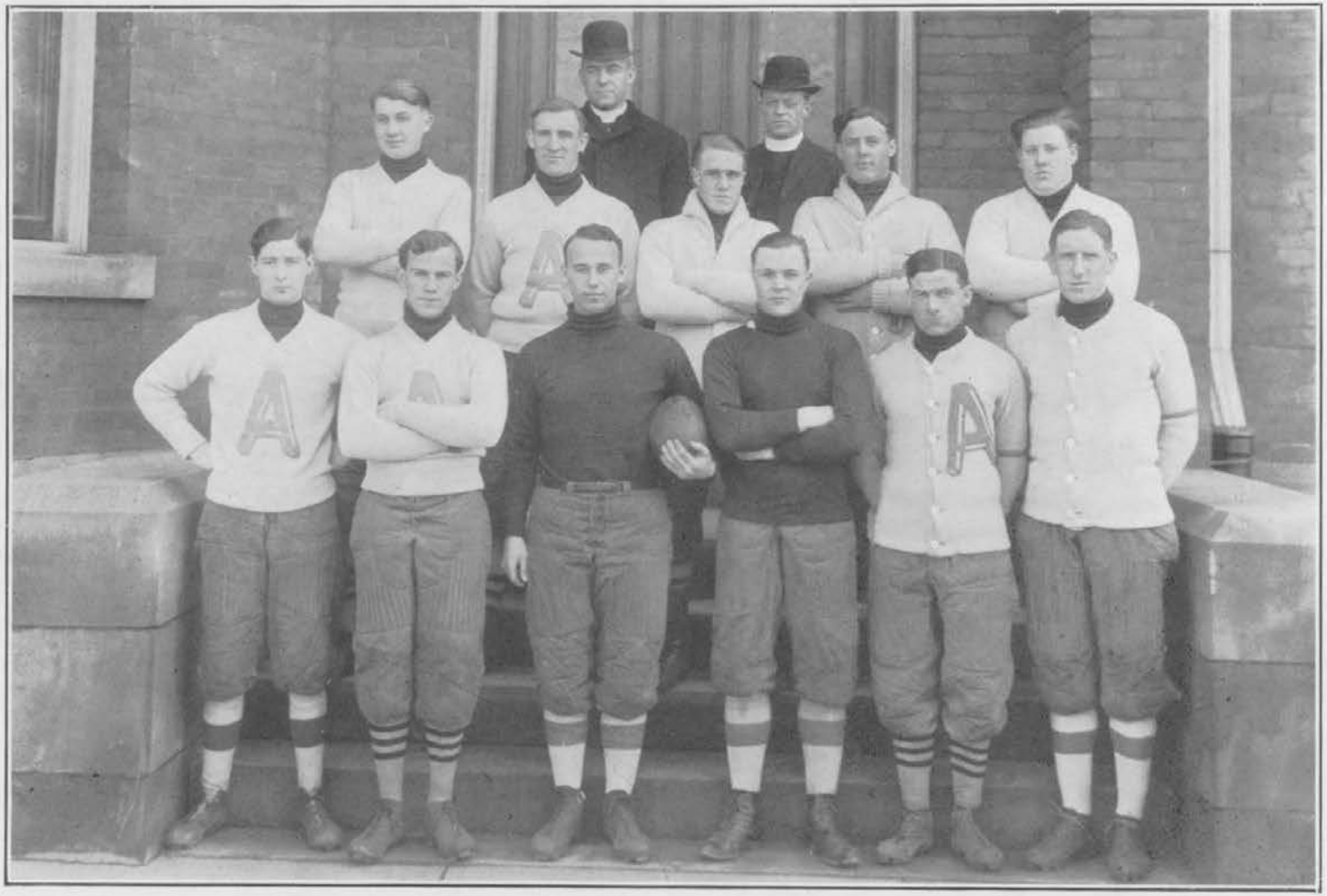
AT WORK ON NEW BUILDINGS.

THE SLIDE.



ATHLETICS





COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAM.



Rugby, the King of College sports, was not considered seriously in Assumption until the fall of 1911. Efforts had been made in previous years to interest the students but without success. In that year Mr. Paul A. Smith, an old college player, generously offered to give the squad some lessons in the fine points of the game. If the authorities thought that this offer meant what such offers had often meant in the past and that there was little danger of the game taking hold they reckoned without Mr. Smith. This gentleman went about his duties as honorary coach with the energy and fidelity of a skilled professional. Day after day he spent hours with the boys, even showing them "in propria persona" the most difficult parts of the necessary training. The old game of "soccer" disputed for but a short period the pride of place and within a year Mr. Smith had the enthusiastic support of the whole student body and faculty. The College can never forget what they owe to him for his efforts. The success of the teams which he produced from raw material gave birth to a spirit which was unprecedented and forced recognition on the part of football authorities in Windsor and Detroit and the vicinity.

In 1914 business ties rendered it impossible for Mr. Smith to give the requisite time to football at the college, but his interest in the welfare of the team did not fail and through his efforts Mr. Fred Close of Detroit became director.

Mr. Close was introduced to us as a one hundred and thirty third degree football enthusiast, a man who knew the rules of the game thoroughly (and it may be stated in passing that this is about equal to saying that he knows Greek, Sanscrit, Coptic and military tactics), who would stay up all night with matches planning new plays and stay out all day rain or shine and referee games, a man who always takes his holidays in the fall and spends them watching "Hurry Up Yost" playing tag with his stalwarts. Under his tutelage the team of 1914 did an enormous amount of good work and the students have no fears for the future of football in the college.

The difficulty of arranging a proper schedule has always been a handicap. We are in a class by ourselves. Mr. Smith soon graduated the team from the High School Class and unfortunately the colleges are busy with their own games in the M. I. A. A. However this hardship will soon be overcome and with competent coaching and enthusiastic co-operation from the students the Rugby team will surely give a good account of itself.

College Songs.

Football Songs.
(continued)

(Music. Policeman's Song from the Pirates of Penzance.)

1.—When we players take the field, Tarantara, tarantara,
We uncomfortable feel, Tarantara,
And we find the wisest thing, Tarantara, tarantara,
Is to slap our chests and sing, Assumption C.
For when troubled with cold feet, Tarantara, tarantara,
And you fear your foe to meet, Tarantara,
There is nothing brings you round like the rooters cheering sound,
Like the rooters cheering sound. (Tarantara chorus).

Solo.

Go ye heroes, go to glory, Though you die in combat gory,
You shall live in song and story, Go to immortality,
Go to death and go to slaughter, Go and every Assumption rooter,
With his tears your grave shall water, Go ye heroes, go and die.

Chorus.

Go ye heroes, go to immortality, Go ye heroes, go to immortality,
Though you die in combat gory, Ye shall live in song and story,
Go to immortality.

2.—We observe too great a stress, Tarantara, tarantara,
On the risks that on us press, Tarantara,
And of reference a lack, Tarantara, tarantara
To our chance of coming back to Assumption C.
Still perhaps it would be wise, Tarantara, tarantara,
Not to carp or criticize, Tarantara,
For to us it's evident, these attentions are well meant,
These attentions are well meant.
Tarantara, solo and chorus as above.

3.—Though in body and in mind, Tarantara, tarantara,
We are timidly inclined, Tarantara,
Though our thoughts are of the dead, Tarantara, tarantara,
And we wish we were in bed in Assumption C.
Yet as the boys are near, Tarantara, tarantara,
We manage to appear, Tarantara,
As insensible to fear, as anybody here,
As anybody here.
Tarantara, solo and chorus as above.

(Music, from The Pink Lady. "Did Dondidier.")

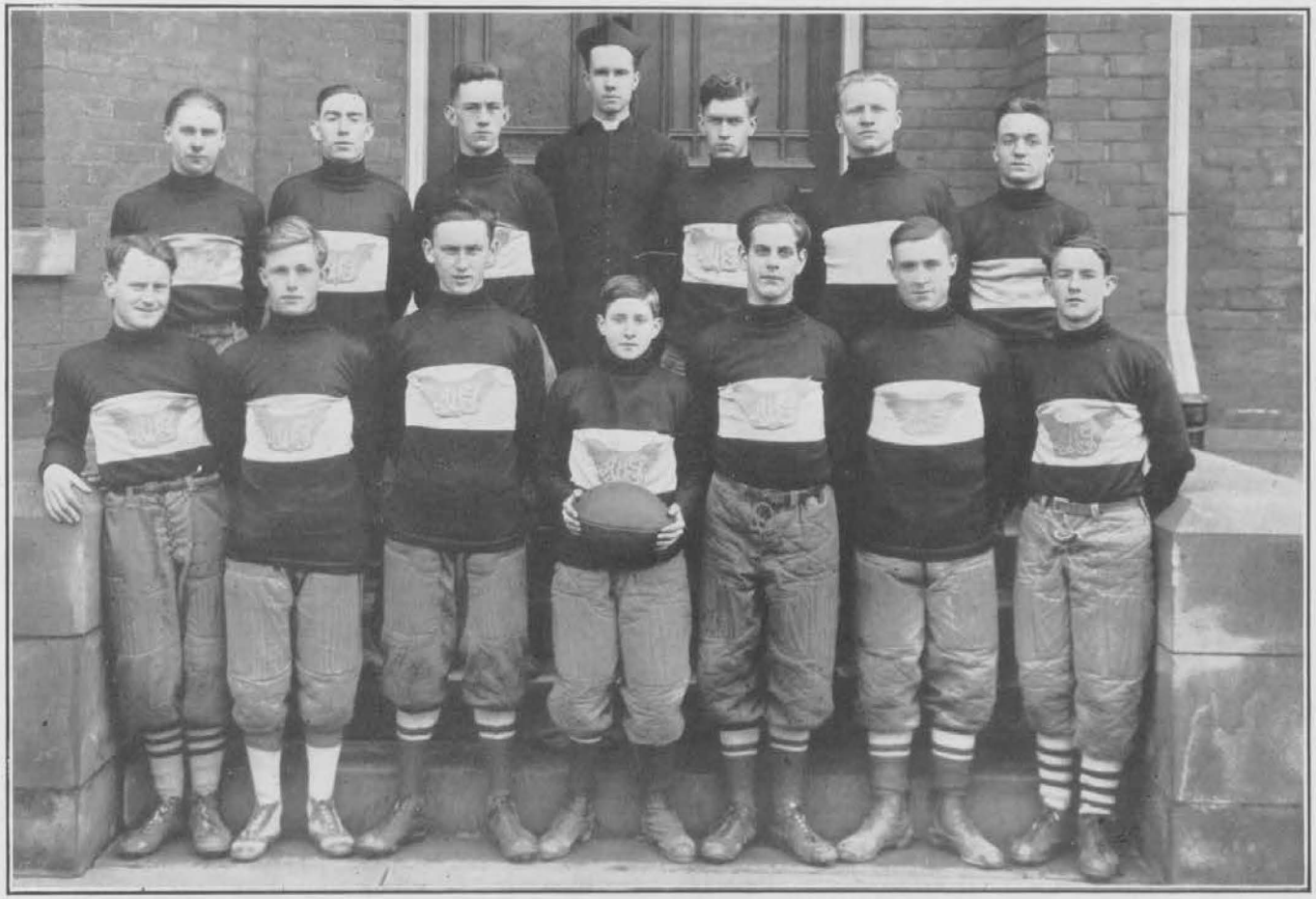
1. He fumbled near the line, did Kelly ha-ha. Did he eh? Yes he did. A sure touch he missed that time did Kelly ha-ha. Did he, eh? Yes he did. Though his temperature was cool and his pluckiness was great, Kelly's fingers were all thumbs, and he fumbled sure as fate. What he did it was a crime, for Kelly ha-ha.

Chorus.—

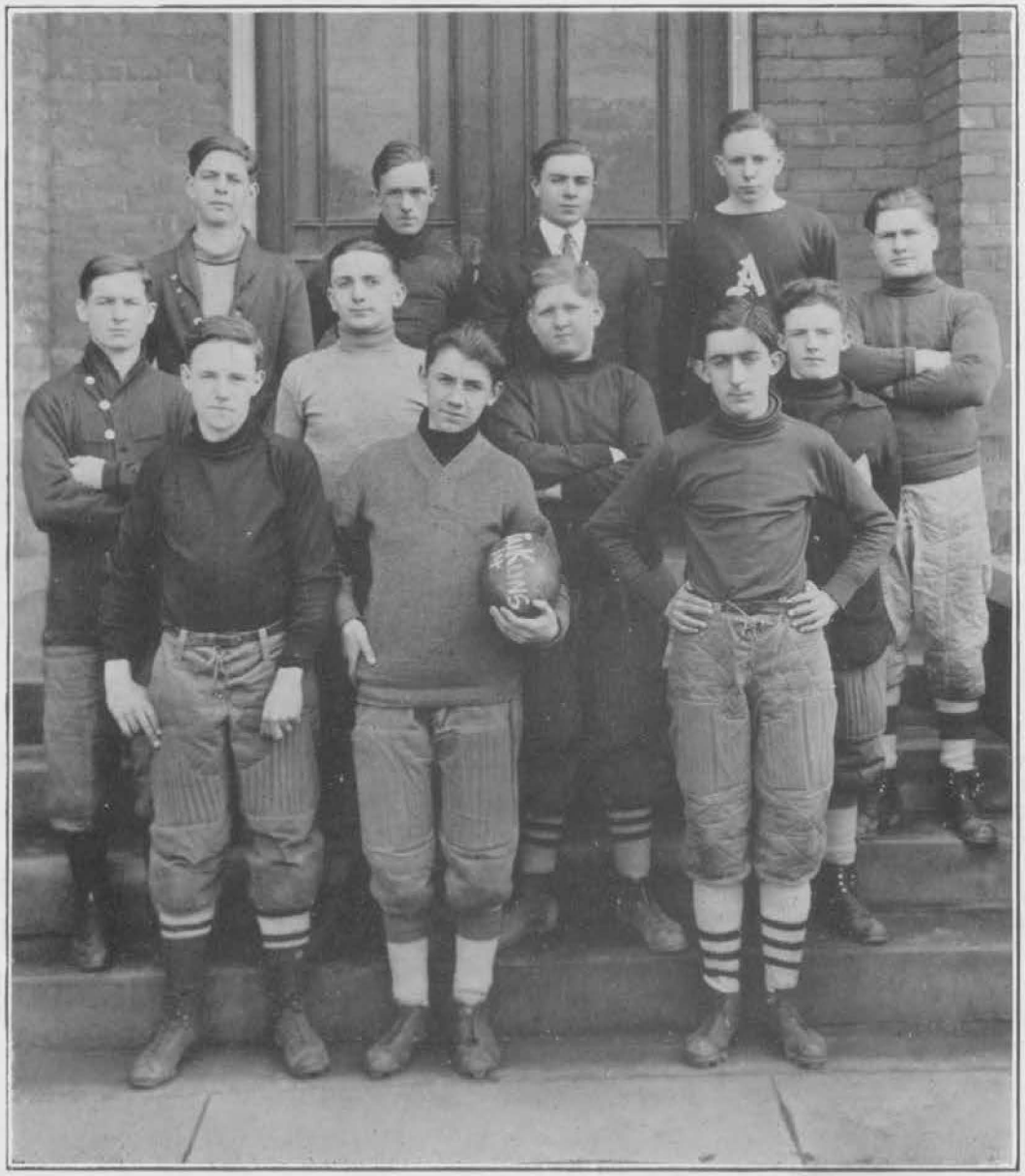
Did he, eh? Yes he did. Did he, eh? Yes he did. Did he eh? Yes he did. Did he do or didn't do it, did he, eh? Kelly did. Kelly didn't. 'Course I didn't. Yes you did. Kelly couldn't, Kelly wouldn't, Kelly does as he is bid. Well if Kelly didn't do it what did Kelly ho-ho do? Kelly did it and he did it just as I've told to you. Kelly did. Kelly didn't. 'Course I didn't. Yes you did. Kelly's quaking, Kelly's shaking, cause he skated on his lid. Well, if Kelly says he didn't and the boys all say he did, then the cause of all this clatter must remain forever hid. And there'll always be a mystery about Kelly ho-ho. For he did it, did it, did it. Yes you did. NO I DIDN'T.

2. He failed to stop that run, did Connor ha-ha. Did he, eh? Yes, he did. By his antic caused much fun, did Connor ha-ha. Did he, eh? Yes he did. When the ball came round his end, simply got down on his knees just as though he would say Please, but the back replied, Ta, ta. Oh, like this he looked so cheap, did Connor, ha-ha. Did he, eh? Yes he did. (Chorus as above, but insert Connor.)

3. He never blocked his man, did Bertram ha-ha. Did he, eh? Yes he did. Quite forgot ot use his hands, did Bertram ha-ha. Did he eh? Yes he did. Every time the ball was snapped, took things easy as you please. One would think it was a waltz or a sweet Virginia reel. Why he moved the coach to tears, did Bertram ha-ha. Did he, eh? Yes he did. (Chorus as above, inserting Bertram.)



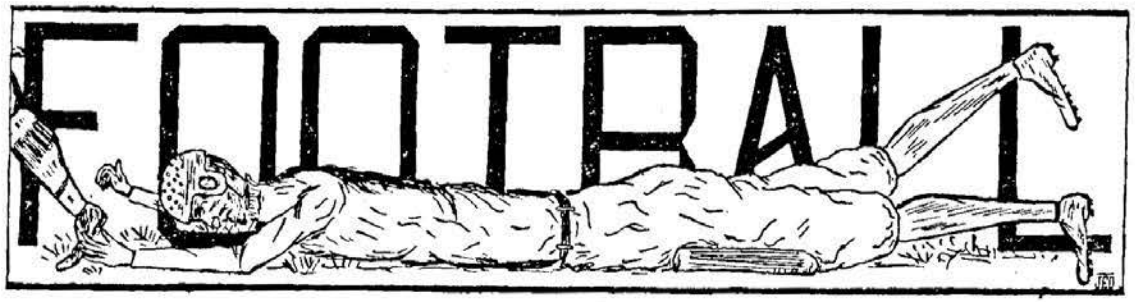
BELVEDERE FOOTBALL TEAM



TAI-KUN
FOOTBALL TEAM.



MINIM FOOTBALL TEAM



VARSITY.

J. Lodato (Capt.)
F. Bertram
W. Degan
W. Savage
H. Chisholm
M. Kelly
H. Olk
A. Cotter
O. Mailloux
P. Harrigan
C. Kelly
K. Finsel
J. Clancy
E. Dwyer
T. Moran
C. Pasche

HIGH SCHOOL.

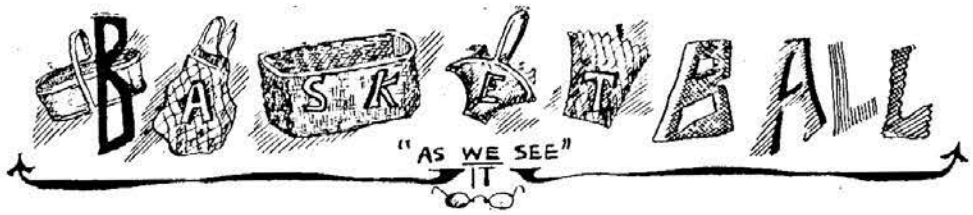
L. Ryan (Capt.)
F. Hymes
F. Selinsky
Jos. White
C. O'Connor
R. Curley
W. Mailloux
J. Jordan
H. Kessel
H. Smith
F. Rockwood
J. White
F. Brewer
J. Burger

TAI-KUNS.

J. Burns Capt.)
M. Phillips
J. DeLisle
B. Vernier
L. Ahearn
J. Nelson
W. Henry
W. McCartney
W Mohan
J. C. Kelly
F. Bowen
F. Skiffington.

MINIMS.

C. LeBel (Capt.)
J. Loftus
T. Kelly
L. Koenig
C. Fitzpatrick.
W. Garvey
S. McNamara
B. Walker
T. Mascaro
L. Breen
E. O'Neill
W. Dunne
L. Sheehy
J. Gallagher
E. Kaiser
R. Nichols.



The expectation that basketball would one day develop to be a major sport at Assumption has been realized at last. The erection this year of a spacious, well-equipped gymnasium, with an ideal basketball court, has set the seal of approval on this branch of athletics.

The growth of basketball in America during the last few years has been marvellous and Assumption, always abreast of the times, during this period has slowly but surely been building a durable foundation for this sport. The College, it is true, has been represented by a Varsity team the last three years, but no real enthusiasm was displayed until the present season when, the science of the game being more clearly seen, it received the unanimous approbation of the boys. They manifested their liking for the game by forming numerous fast teams, thus gaining necessary experience for future years.

At its inception here, basketball closely resembled that style of game played in the early days, one of the rules of the game being "A man may pick up the ball, run for three seconds and then shoot,." But the crude element in the game was eliminated year by year until now a skilful, well-played game, with regard for every rule, may be witnessed at any time.

The graduation last year of five players left the Varsity team only three members, Capt. Lodato, Mailloux and Kelly, to form a nucleus for the present season's team. Candidates, though numerous, lacked experience and size and the outlook for a well-balanced team to meet the heavy schedule was indeed a gloomy one.

Nine hard games had been listed, so the boys began to practise faithfully in preparation for them. But here disappointment awaited them; four games were cancelled. But with that indomitable courage which has characterized all Assumption's athletes, they determined to make the season a success. The burden was shouldered and by dint of hard work and sacrifices, the team succeeded in making a creditable showing against some of the best teams in Michigan.

While in former years the college has been represented by the Varsity team alone, this year several teams of younger players were formed, the most notable being, the High School team, the Tai-Kuns and the "Army." These quintets enjoyed a very successful season, winning a large majority of their games. The appearance of these teams is of vital interest to the sport, for it is in these that the future hope of successful conquest lies. Some good players were discovered in their ranks who, no doubt, will prove to be promising candidates for the 'Varsity' next year.

A suitable court and an efficient coach are important factors in the success of the game, and these will both be supplied next year. Team work which sounds the keynote of success in this game demands a man well-versed in the fine points of the game. The necessity of a coach cannot be overestimated for it is he who instils into the players the necessity of union, subordinating personal glory to the harmony of the whole.

With these two considerations, together with the fact that only one member, Capt. Lodato, is lost through graduation, otherwise an experienced team remaining, nothing but success can be predicted for next season.



College Basketball Team.

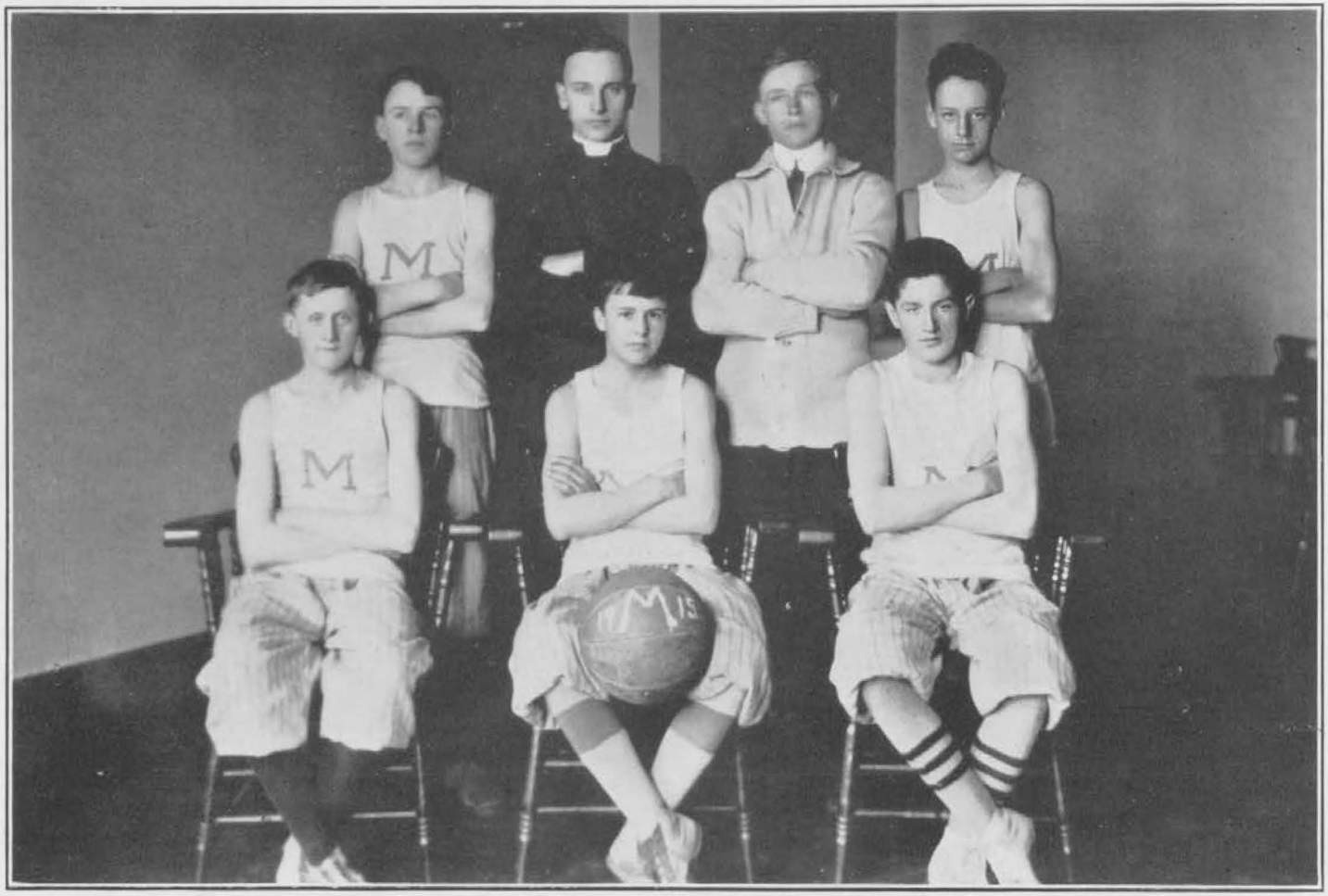
L. Ryan R. Howley Mr. E. J. Tighe, Mgr. K. Finsel C. Kelley
O. Mailloux J. Lodato E. J. Dwyer



Belvedere Basketball Team.

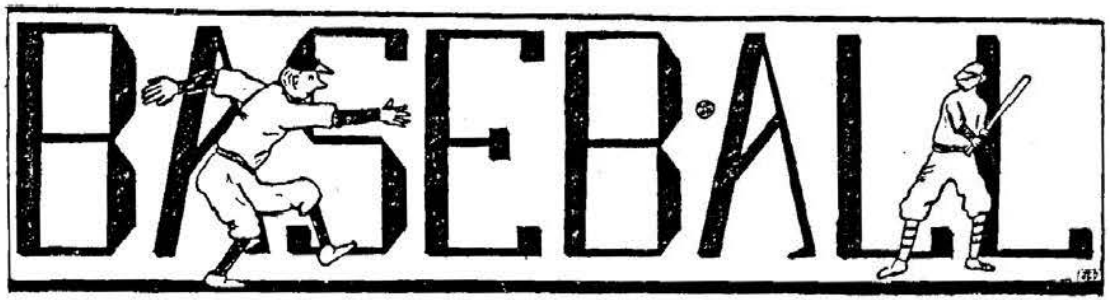
Mr. J. Lodato, Mgr. O. Mailloux, Sec'y.

H. Kessel J. Burns F. Rockwood T. Mascaro F. Selinsky



Minim Basketball Team.

L. Koenig Mr. T. Currier, Mgr. H. Smith, Sec'y. L. Page
J. Loftus C. LeBel T. Kelley



The baseball season was ushered in earlier than usual this year. The snow had scarcely left the ground about the last week of February, when the enthusiasts of the College brought to light the trappings of the "only game" and indulged in the first workout of the season. In fact, it was quite a novelty to celebrate Washington's birthday with a contest, but the opportunity was too inviting to be disregarded, Despite the slight chill, the buoyant youths, anxious to push the rapidly aging Winter into the lap of Spring, could not restrain their ardor in "puttin' 'em over" once in a while, to reap the aftermath of sore arms.

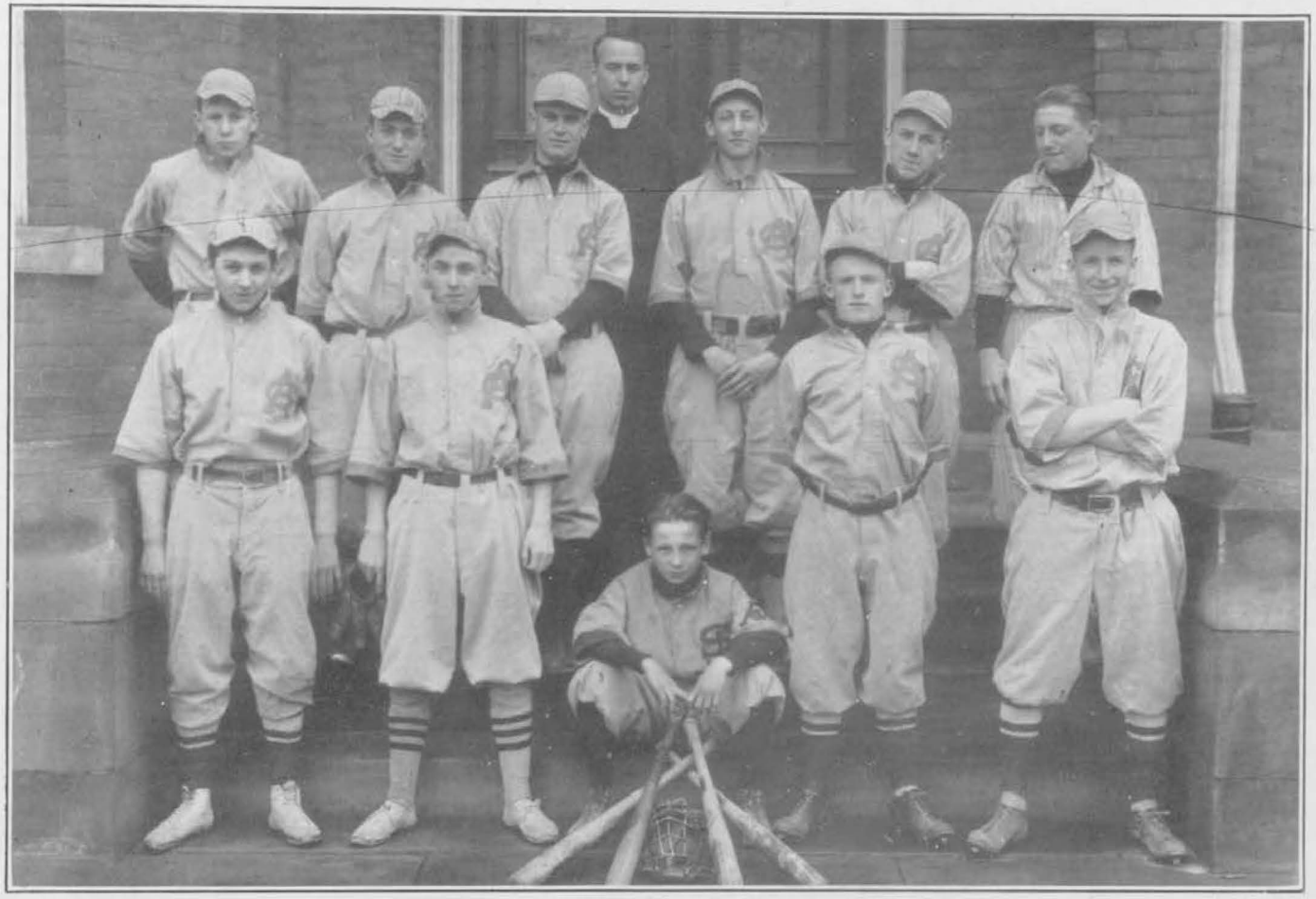
This is "the" season in the College. Tradition has made it so. Rugby has fought hard to oust the old love from the first place in the affections of the College boys, but, as yet has not succeeded. Generations of students have pledged themselves to the great game, and despite the brevity of the season, baseball remains unrivalled in the list of College sports.

As in other years, there is a splendid array of talent. Each succeeding year brings forth a new supply to fill the vacancies made by the graduates of the preceding year. With the usual course of training the old and the new soon learn to work in harmony and the prospects for a successful season are good.

Much might be said of each individual player. One might go into ectasy over the vigorous stick-work of the Kelly Bros., the speed of McNabb in negotiating the balls. One might be pardoned for saying Howard Olk just hands the ball to second when one considers his tremendous reach. One might be forgiven for admiring Dwyer's or White's benders, floaters, shoots or whatever one wishes to call them. One can easily imagine "Chick" Kelly or Mailloux making a success in baseball if their ambitions lay in that direction. So it goes with the team. We have no fears about their ability to maintain the record established more than a quarter of a century ago for high class play and sportsmanlike conduct on the diamond.



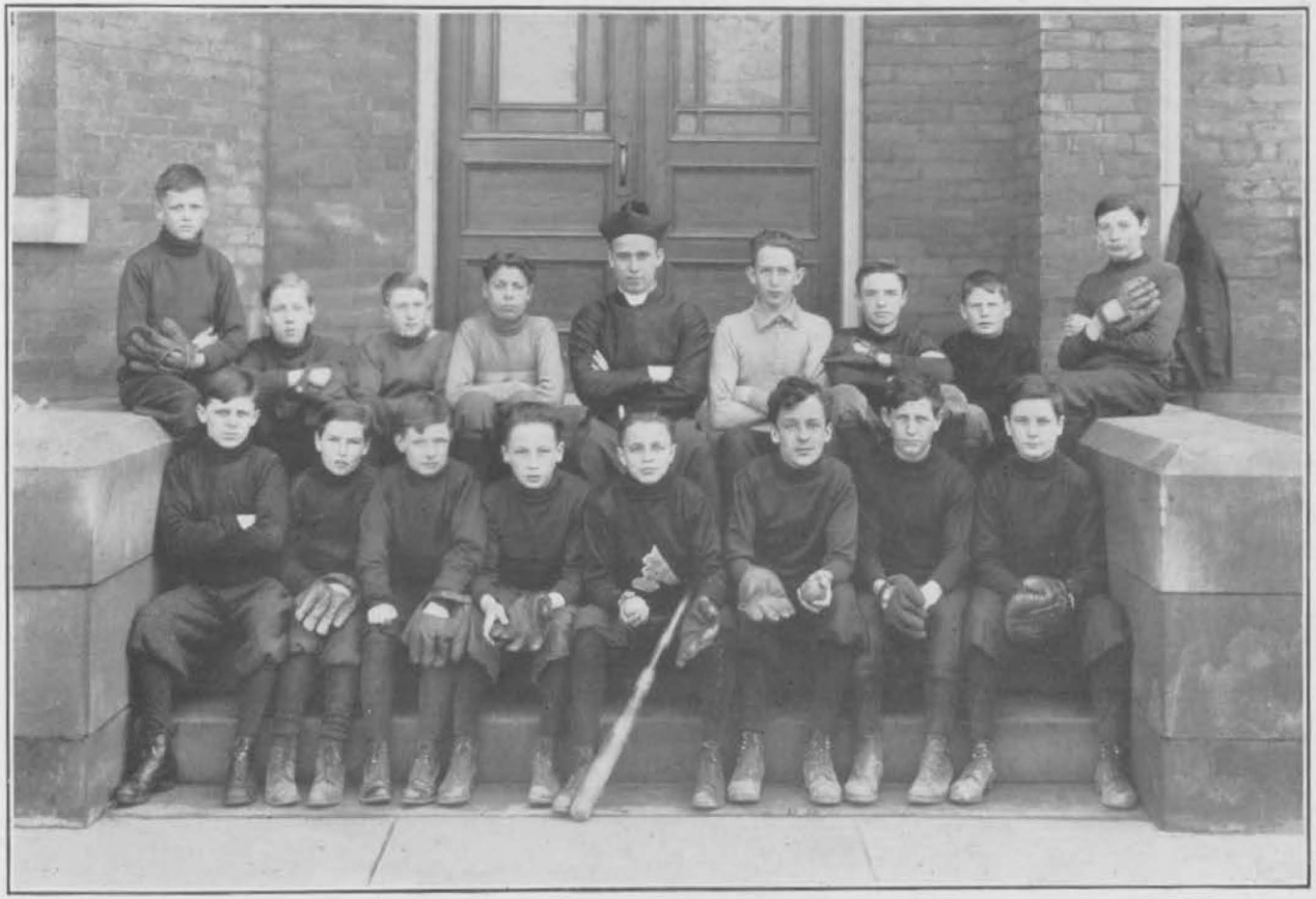
COLLEGE BASEBALL TEAM



BELVEDERE BASEBALL TEAM



TAI-KUM BASEBALL TEAN



MINIM BASEBALL TEAM

Baseball Players.

VARSITY.

O. Mailloux (Capt.)
A. McNabb
H. Olk
J. White
E. Dwyer
M. Kelly
R. Howley
C. Kelly
J. Clancy
H. Smith
F. Rockwood
J. P. Nelson.

HIGH SCHOOL.

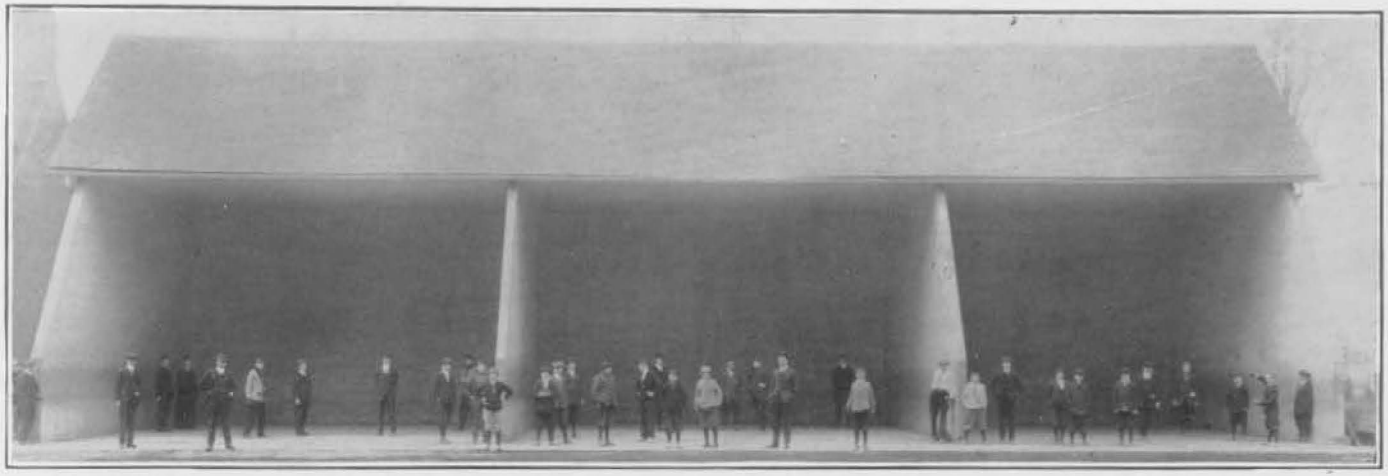
L. Worden (Capt.)
J. Burns
W. Mailloux
B. Ladouceur
J. McCloskey
M. Dillon
W. Mohan
H. Kessel
J. Susalla
J. Hogan
J. Jordan
L. Ahearn
R. Pipp.

TAI-KUNS.

C. LeBel (Capt.)
T. Kelly
L. Koenig
J. Loftus
J. Schrauder
M. Donnelly
E. Ladouceur
W. Dunne
F. Breen
T. Mascaro
B. Walker
L. Sheehy
L. Page
P. Ryan
J. Kennedy
J. McEvoy
R. White
A. Page
J. Heffron

MINIMS.

G. Bruso (Capt.)
A. Sturn
R. Lagorio
T. Moylan
R. Tschirhart
F. Murphy
H. Bulatte
F. Bricklin
H. Benner
J. McGillick
H. Pray
H. Cowan
L. Stevenson
T. Brooks.



HANDBALL ALLEYS

Gleamings from the Corridor.

Mr. Casey—"How did you enjoy the St. Patrick's concert?"
P. McK.—"It was great especially the Xen-o-phon.

J. E. Dwyer was seriously indisposed the day after Washington's Birthday. In fact his illness was so critical that his testimonial had to be removed.

Speaking of plum puddings, Mac says he would rather eat them just as they come off the trees.

There is a rumor that the humane society is about to prosecute some of our friends for the hard driving of horses.

John Louis wasn't pleased with the proof of his picture, but he brightened up when told it was only (a) negative.

Between Steve's 'honk' and Benner's 'cackle,' we often wonder whether the little walk is Woodward Avenue or a farmyard scene.

O'Brien—"Did you notice the fine grub we have been getting lately?"
Hughes—"No! I am on a table with O'Brien and Drew."
O'Brien—"Talk sense, Did you notice it?"
Hughes—"Sure! The new chef is trying to make good.
O'Brien—"Chef nothing! It's the head waiter, Mr. Gaffney.

W. McN.—"Dee ye ken who the rec master ee's?"
P. B.—"I don't speak French.

Visitor (at entertainment)—"Who is that fellow in the dress suit? He looks like a post-box."
Student—"That's "Bunny," our mail man."

Weiler (Seeing Pipp empty a whole platter of meat on his plate)—"Are you going to eat that alone?"
Pipp—"No, I may take a few potatoes after a while."

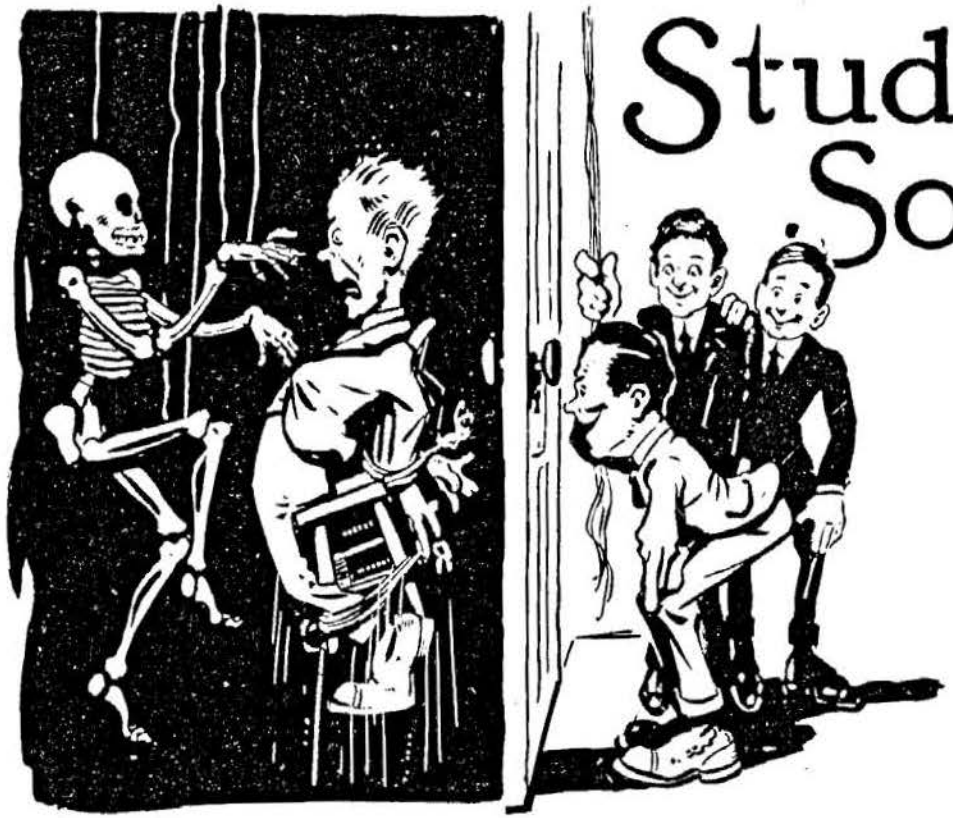
Rapid Translation—Torrere jecur—He burnt his liver.
Haec in Gallia, importantus est—Hike into Gaul, it is important.
Experientia docet—Experience does it.
Gallia duo partes aqua dividitur—Water costs two bits a gallon.
Dum aequoribus rates percutitur—He is struck dumb by the water rates.

The editor had a good collection of jokes in his back-pocket but he sat down and cracked them all.

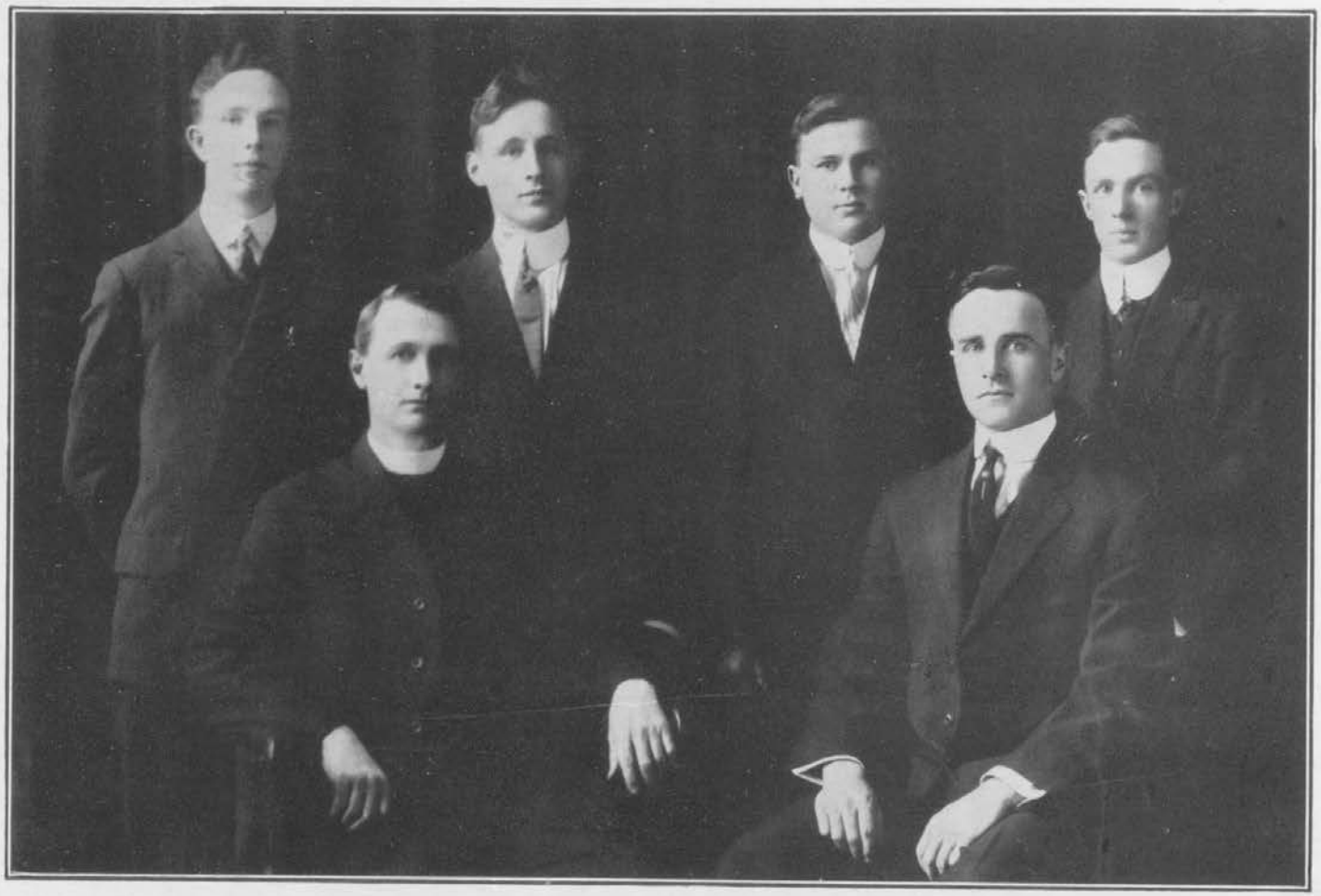
O'B.—Look. Give me Hickory 2193R. No, no, give me Detroit. Hello, is that Detroit? I want Hickory MM. Yes, that's right, Hickory MMM. Then he waits several minutes. Then he yells again, Hickory MMM. Then he starts yanking the receiver up and down like a wild man; then shouts Hickory MMM, oh, I want Detroit. This time in desperation he calmly whispers Hickory 2193R. Hello, is that Maw. Well this is Jimmy. I want a handball, some candy, a suit of underwear, some cake, a comb, a pair of skates, some chicken sandwiches, some fruit, a pair of garters and shoe strings, fountain pen, mucilage, some collars and a sweater. Yes, I gotta have them. I can't wait until I come over, he wont let me go. Come this aft. I gotta have some eats. I am starving. Yes—you can come. Well, if you can't, send over the porter. And don't forget the chicken sandwiches and the cake and the mucilage. You can't buy mucilage here. All right! Fred will be over. And don't forget the eats.

Hu.—"Why the little beast, wouldn't he ask his mother how she was?"

O'B.—Well I guess not.



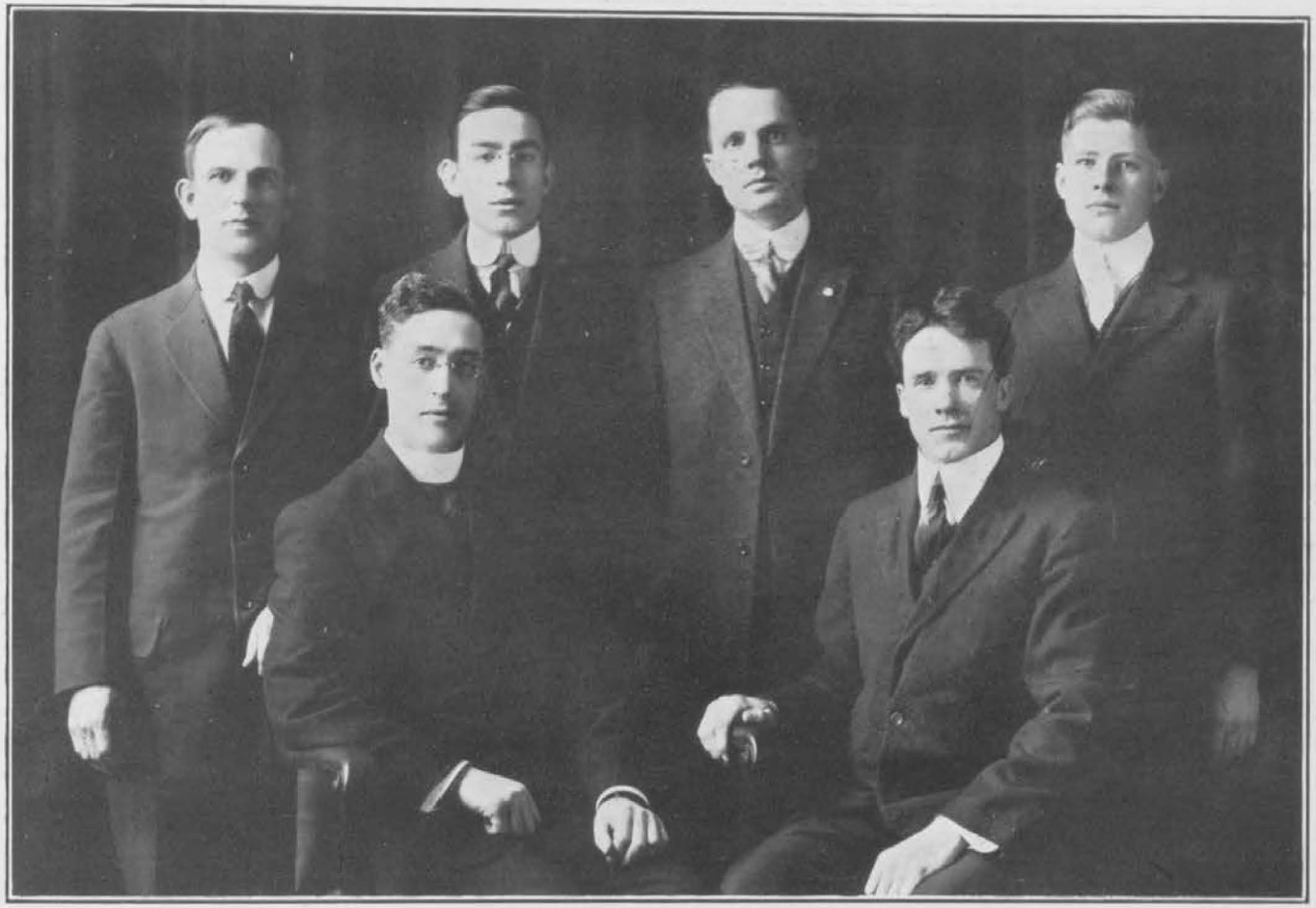
Student Societies



THE OFFICERS OF ST. BASIL'S LITERARY SOCIETY

J. R. Howley, Vice-President. M. Baillargeon J. Glavin F. J. Bowen

Rev. T. F. Gignac, C. S. B., President. Mr. L. Long, B. A., Sec'y.



OFFICERS OF ST. DIONYSIUS' LITERARY SOCIETY

E. Carey, Vice-President.

R. Curley, 4th Yr. Rep.

E. Allor, 2nd Yr. Rep.

R. Sturn, 3rd Yr. Rep.

Rev. E. T. Burns, C. S. B., President.

Mr. A. McHugh, Sec'y.



THE OFFICERS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S SODALITY

A. O'Donnell, Sec'y. J. White, Consultor. L. Marchand, 2nd Assistant. J. Glavin, Consultor. B. Mackesy, Consultor. F. Bowen, Consultor.

T. Moran, Prefect. Rev. J. J. Purcell, C. S. B., Spiritual Director. B. Gaffney, 1st Assistant.



THE SANCTUARY BOYS

Music.

Assumption's boys have during the past year made notable progress in the department of Music, both instrumental and vocal, especially in the latter. This term has been a record one for piano and violin pupils in all stages of development.

Much credit is due to the Sanctuary Choir, whose harmony blended with the general piety of the student body on all festive occasions, devoutly voicing the "Sursum Corda" of Holy Mother Church. The ready response to the occasional demands made on the members and the hearty cooperation at all times, are the laudible features of the Sanctuary Choir of 1915.

Our orchestra this year was rather unbalanced owing to the absence of our cornetist and trombone artists, Shears and Hymes; each of them are finished performers. They, however, sustained us at our monthly entertainments. Under the able supervision of Prof. Napolitano ensemble playing became a specialty. Masales, O'Brien, Parks and Vogel, Blonde and Loehrer exploiting the favorite masters. Special mention must be made of the several productions of the string quartette on Washington's birthday and on the Feast of St. Patrick. Their interpretation of the classics did much to beget a proper appreciation of the standard composers and to elevate the general tone of instrumental music in Assumption.

The reverberating applause accorded the Senior Glee Club of Mr. Casey at its initial appearance induced that capable conductor to lead them to success. A success they were and undoubtedly will continue their praiseworthy efforts next year. The double quartette afforded us many pleasing selections, as did also the single quartette both in the chapel during Holy Week and in the auditorium. Through Mr. Casey's untiring zeal we were entertained also by a Junior Glee Club in such selections as the ever-famous "Johnny Smoker," and the Irish airs. Hark! What is that? It is Selinsky's Smokers chanting a vesperal to Nicotiana. They, too, are a potent factor in spreading that amiability and good fellowship which endears the college boy to his Alma Mater.

Although the year 1914-15 has been one of the most successful in the department of music in the last decade, owing to the additional impetus of Father Purcell and his administrators in the Sodality and Choir, and Prof. Napolitano and Mr. Casey in the instrumental and vocal endeavors. This assures even greater activity for future years.



COLLEGE ORCHESTRA



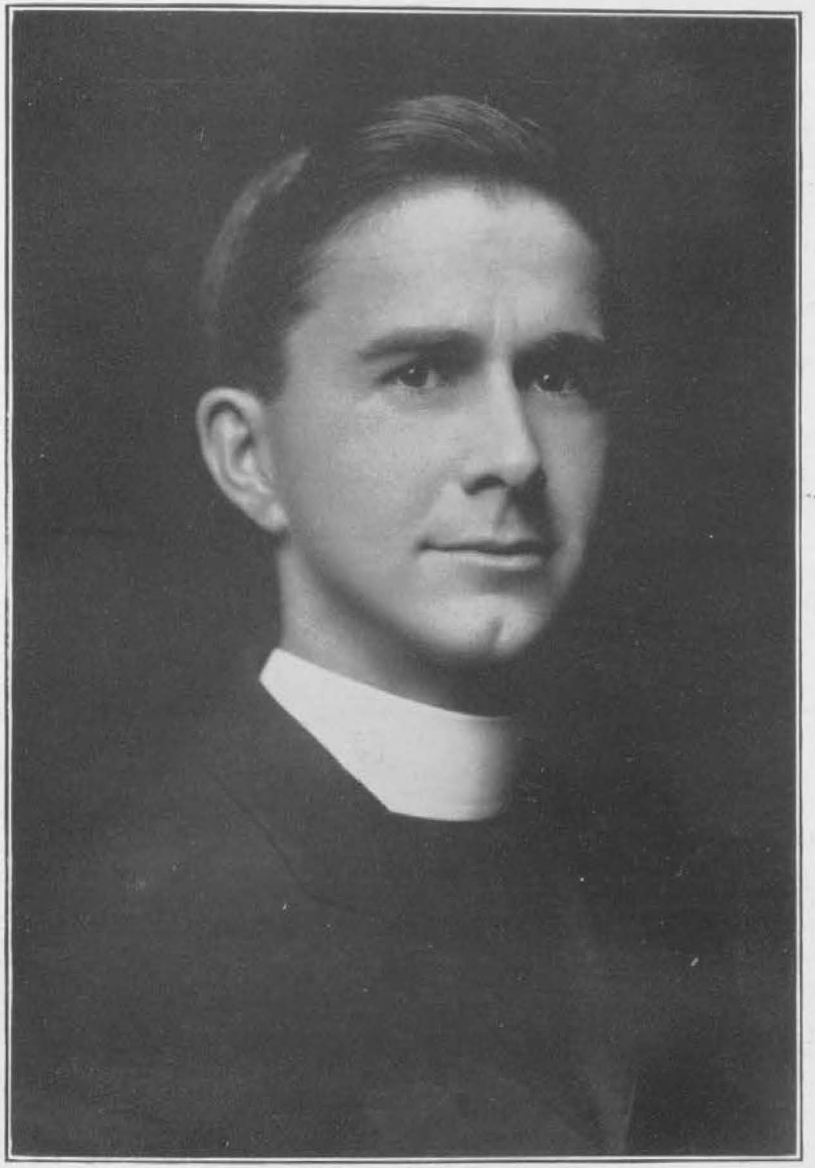
COLLEGE GLEE CLUB



COLLEGE DOUBLE QUARTETTE



THE SANCTUARY CHOIR



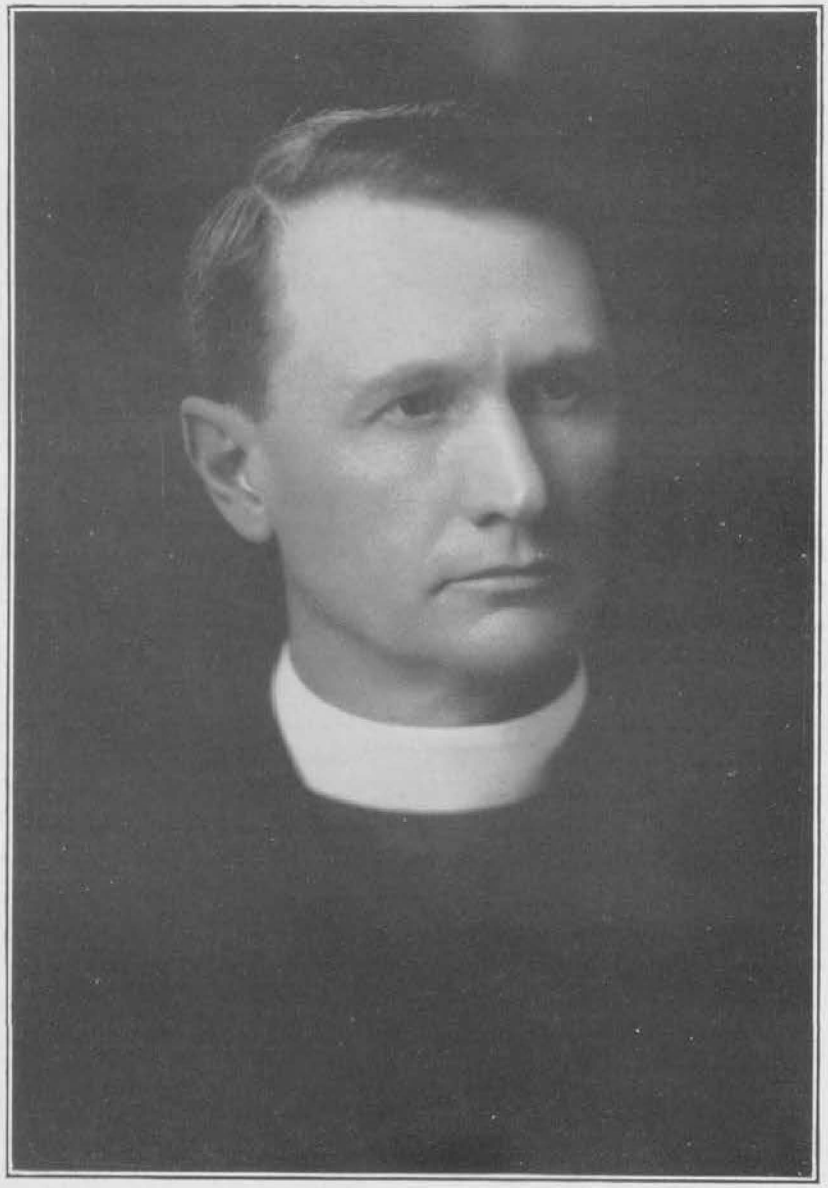
Rev. Arthur J. Morley, C. S. B.

On Friday, November 6th, 1914, there passed away after an illness dating only from All Saints Day, a dearly loved member of the College staff in the person of Rev. Arthur J. Morley, C. S. B.

Father Morley's constitution was always frail. His health did not permit him to put his abilities and his learning to the service of the community in the class room. But the services he rendered the college as secretary and librarian were invaluable. His connection with this institution was also a blessing to the students. To them he was the saint of the college. In his young manhood he had obtained the grace of conversion to the Catholic faith. It seemed to be the aim of his life to testify to God his gratitude for this favor and for the sublime vocation to the priesthood by instilling an appreciation of Divine Goodness in the souls of all with whom he was thrown into contact. He spent his recreations among the students and his conversations were not only charming but instructive, uplifting and edifying. His heart was big and his charity unbounded. In the hour of trial the boys naturally turned to him and he smoothed away their difficulties and buoyed them up and inspired them on to good.

When he died they missed him more than they could tell, and they miss him still. May his soul rest in peace.

A STUDENT.



Rev. Thomas F. Gignac, C. S. B.

On Wednesday of Holy Week Father Gignac conducted his classes as usual. The same afternoon the students left for their homes to spend their Easter Vacation. When they returned on the following Monday they found his remains lying in state in the College Chapel. He had passed away on Easter Sunday night after a brief illness of two days.

The sudden death of Father Gignac was as great a shock to the students as it was to the staff. It required time to realize that a beloved teacher was gone forever, and more time to realize the great loss the college and the students had sustained in his death.

Messages of sympathy for the family and the Basilians came from every quarter from both clergy and laity. All testified to the affectionate esteem in which the deceased was held.

Rev. Thomas F. Gignac was a man of splendid native talent and of tireless energy. He was a very pleasing companion, an able teacher, a true priest and no less a true religious. The good he did in his brief career only God can measure. The Basilian Fathers and the deceased priest's family will find comfort in the knowledge that his pupils everywhere loved him and appreciated his services and his sacrifices in their behalf. Our sympathy goes out to them and our prayers to God for him. May he rest in peace.

A PUPIL.



Father Marseilles.

The pioneer priest of the diocese of London died at the age of 87 in Hotel Dieu, Windsor, on September 26th, 1914. About fifty years before, Rev. Francis Marseilles had left his native land of France and come to the Canadian mission field. He affiliated himself with the newly erected diocese of London and was appointed pastor of the country parish of Canard River in the County of Essex. For the next forty-five years his life was spent there. Comforts there were none in the early years, and if there had been, he would have shunned them. Comforts he could have had in later years, but he would not take them. Companionship with fellow priests was necessarily restricted, but it too was readily sacrificed. The true priest of God found all the comfort and all the pleasure he asked, in attending to the spiritual needs of the parish of Canard River. He never had any other parish, never asked for any other and never wanted any other, and it was a great blessing to this parish that it was so. His work was always well done. The congregation that he left to his successor when he retired five years ago, is the best testimony to his fruitful success. It is a congregation full of piety, full of zeal for every Catholic practice and work.

The college at Sandwich is deeply indebted to Father Marseilles. When Rev. Denis O'Connor was confronted with the task of founding a college at Sandwich, he found in the pastor of Canard River, an ardent supporter of the work. He sent pupils to the school, he visited it regularly and he aided it financially from the first. During all his life in Canada, he was its friend and before he died he became its greatest benefactor. His subscription to the new chapel,—more than $5000, the saving of a lifetime,—made its erection a possibility. That he was the donor of this very generous sum, he would not permit to be known during his lifetime. The fact has only become public since his death. This was characteristic of the man. He was charity itself, but would never let the left hand know what the right hand did. His kindness and generosity to Assumption College will never be forgotten. May he rest in peace.

In Memoriam

Adolphe E. Dupuis

Pupil of the High School Department 1913-1914

Died September 2, 1914,
at the age of 15 yrs.

John Ruhl Keenan

Pupil of the Preparatory Department 1914

Died December 16, 1914,
at the age of 13 yrs.

R. I. P.

The New Buildings.

Moved by the increase of students during the past few years, the College Council has begun the erection of two buildings which will be completed before the Fall term begins.

One structure is 44x100 feet, three storeys high, and basement.

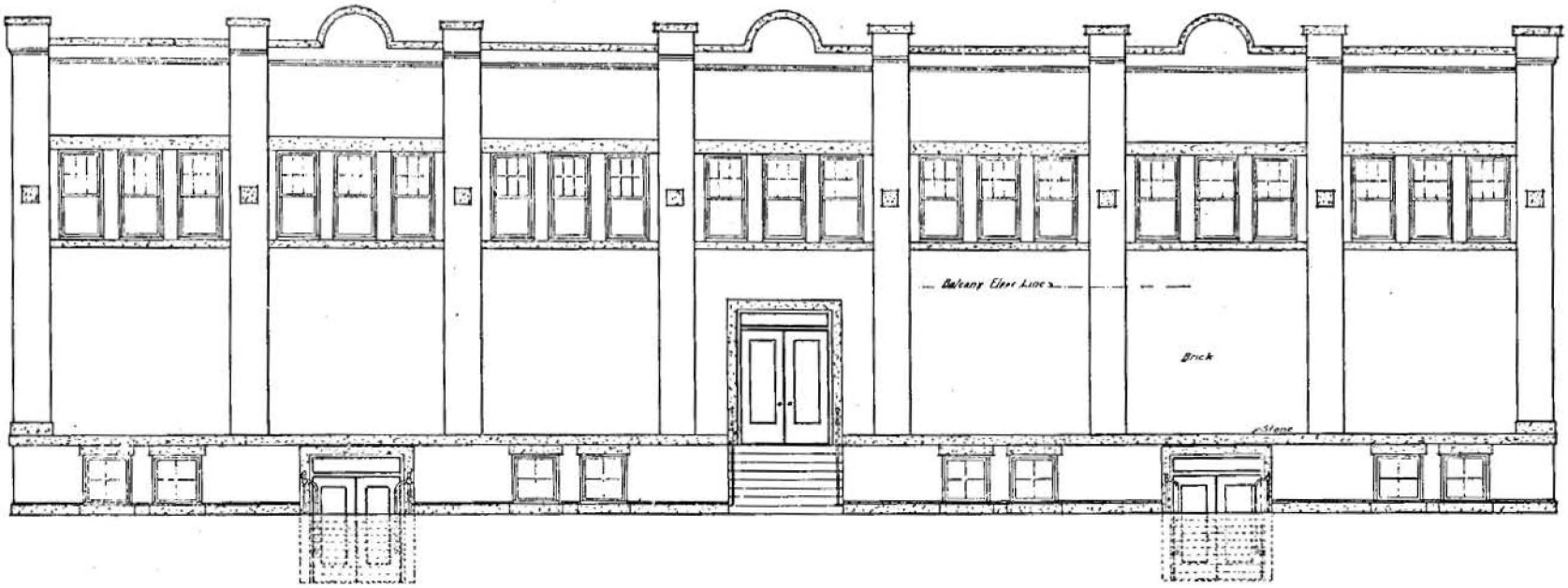
The basement will contain the locker room, and the wash room, of the students who occupy the dormitories, and will be connected with the Study Hall wing by corridors and stairways. On the first floor will be located two large reading rooms and two club rooms for the Senior and the Junior students. The second and the third floors will be divided into private rooms for students. Next fall the College will have private room accommodation for 100 students.

The second building will have one storey and basement. In the basement will be found shower baths and swimming pool, dressing room and store room for the Athletic Association, and the toilet rooms of the Senior and Junior students. The floor above, 106x60, will be the College gymnasium. A running track 10 feet wide and 10 feet from the floor, will encircle the gymnasium. Both buildings will face the College Campus. The private room building will be known as St. Michael's Hall, in memory of Rev. Michael J. Ferguson, C. S. B., and Rev. Michael Mungovan, C. S. B., whose lives were devoted to the up-building of Assumption College. The gymnasium will be named St. Denis' Hall, in memory of Archbishop O'Connor.





ST. MICHAEL'S HALL.

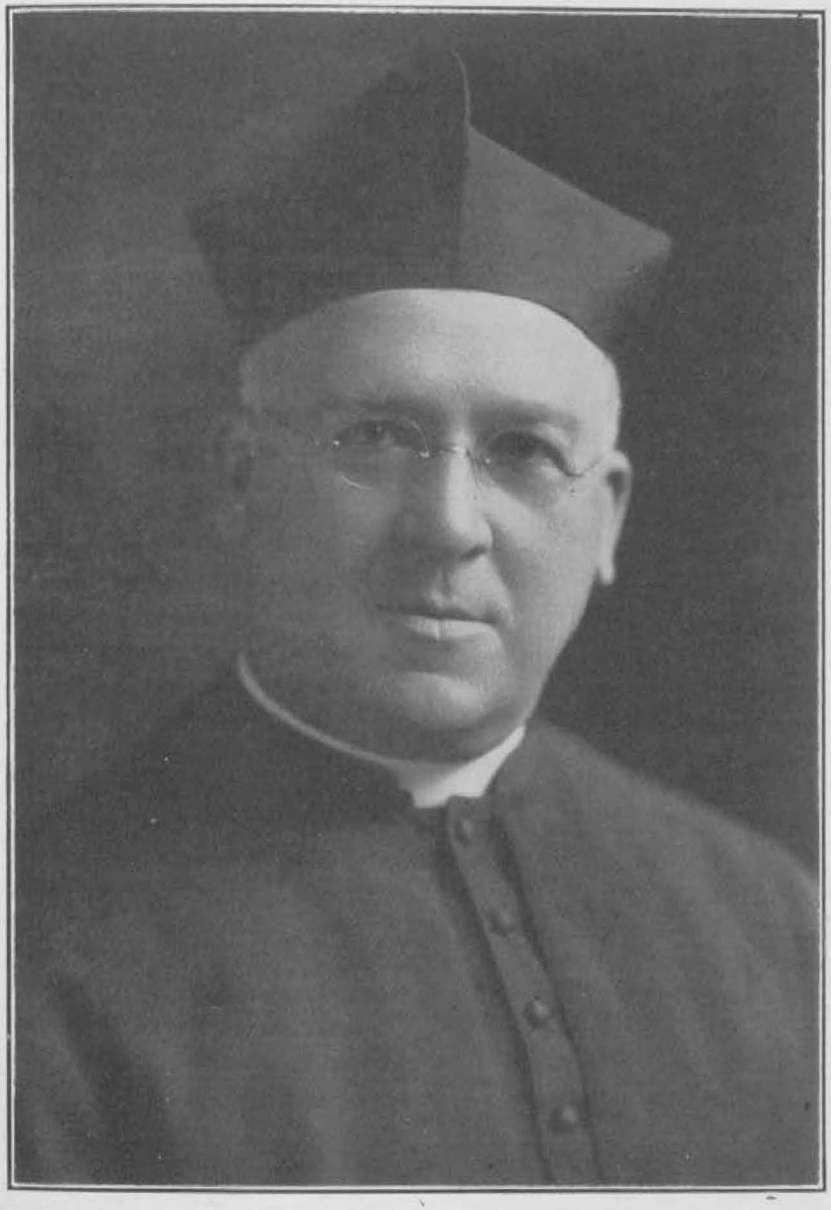


ST. DENIS' HALL

The Annual Retreat.

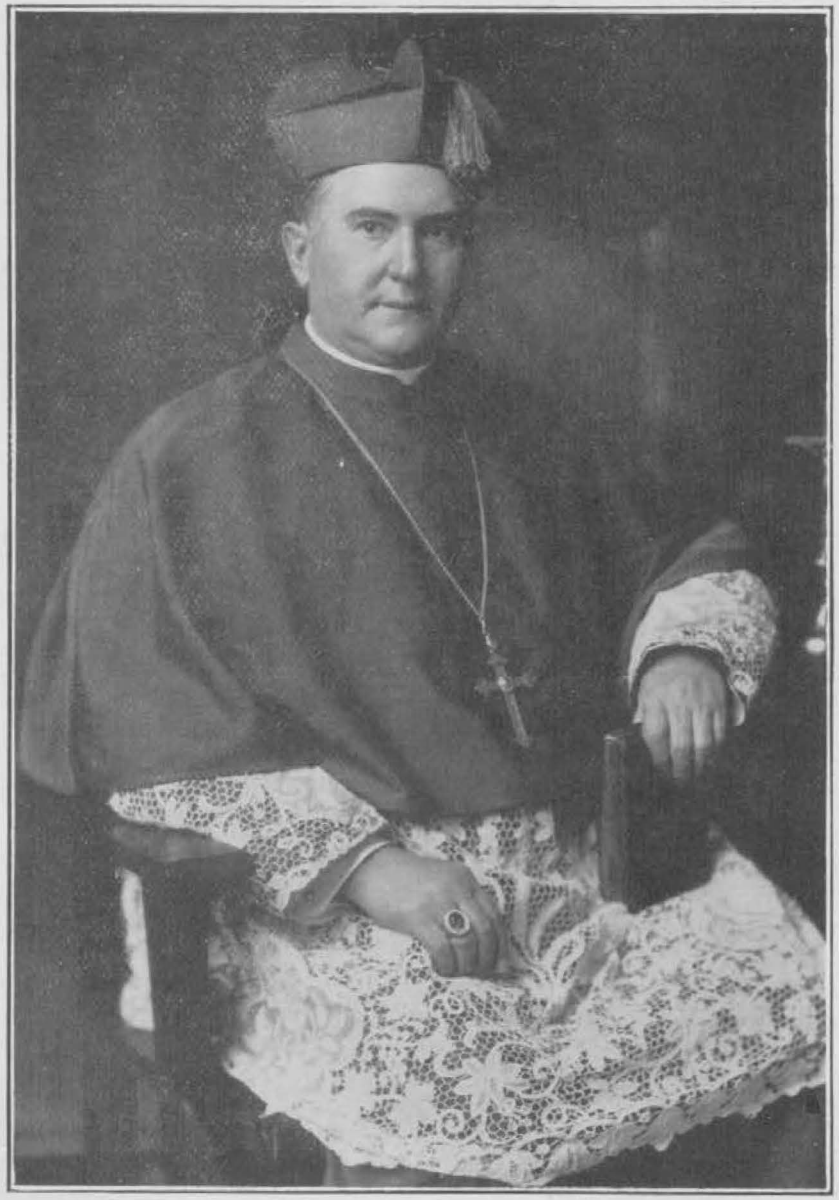
The spiritual exercises of the College Annual Retreat began this year on Sunday evening, May 9th, and concluded on the following Thursday morning, Ascension Thursday, with a general communion of all the students. For a number of years our Retreats have been preached by an old student of the house, the Rev. F. J. Van Antwerp, LL. D., of Detroit. This year saw the Reverend gentleman again on hand to conduct the exercises.

Besides the usual considerations of the eternal truths which are to be found in all retreats, the preacher had for his theme in the daily conference—"The Christian Young Man's Duty in the Present Day." This theme was developed along the line of a young man's obligations to his God, to his neighbor, to himself and to his country. The Reverend preacher emphasized the fact that no one can be true to any further obligations unless he be first true to his God. On this basic principle depended all real success in both spiritual and temporal affairs and on the recognition of this principle hinged all true happiness in time and eternity. The close attention given the sermons, the strict observance of absolute silence during these three days and the anxious earnestness of the students to profit by this time of grace afforded them, was a matter of general edification. We are confident that much good has been effected by the Retreat and we pray that its results will be lasting and far reaching.



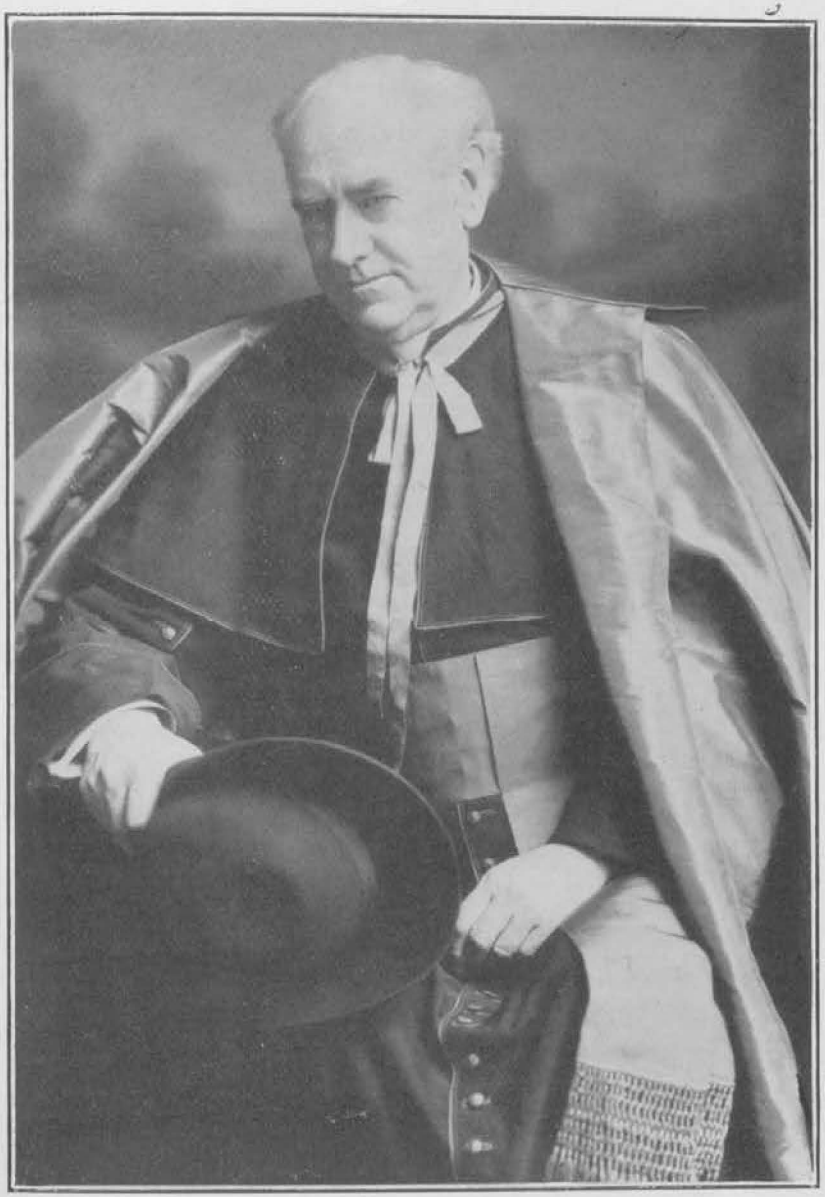
Rev. Francis J. Van Antwerp, LL. D.

THE students of Assumption College all know Father Van Antwerp, Father Van, as they affectionately call him. They know him as an eminently successful pastor of one of the largest and best administered parishes of the diocese of Detroit. They know him better as the ideal conductor of their annual retreat. They know that he is one of the College "Old Boys," an 'old boy,' who in spite of the cares an important post brings to him, never ceases to take the deepest possible interest in the boys of Sandwich. They know that no sacrifice is too great to deter him from proving that interest in the present day student of his Alma Mater. To them he is as much a Basilian as any member of the College staff. But perhaps some of them do not know that he is the first "old boy" of Assumption College. This is a fact, however. Of her 350 sons who are priests in the United States and Canada, Father Van Antwerp is the first graduate of the complete classical course to be ordained. The students hope that he may long hold the record. They wish it with all their hearts. They rejoiced with him a year ago, when the University of Notre Dame conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL. D. And they will rejoice with him in every blessing the future brings to him.



Right Reverend John Ward, D. D.

Throughout her history Sandwich College has always drawn a good percentage of her students from the State of Ohio and she has reason to be proud of the record which most of them have made. Among the most distinguished of her Ohio 'old boys' is the Rt. Rev. John Ward, D. D., Bishop of Leavenworth, Kansas. His college record of forty years ago was very promising and Bishop Ward has since fulfilled the hopes of his teachers in the early days, After twenty-seven years of successful work in the priesthood in the diocese of Leavenworth, he was named Bishop of that See by Pius X. in November, 1910. He was consecrated by his Excellency, Most Reverend Diomede Falconio, D. D.,Apostolic Delegate to the United States on February 22nd, 1911. Less than one month later, Right. Rev. Edward D. Kelly, D. D., a prominent Michigan alumnus, was elevated to the episcopate by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. During the few years he has been in control of the diocese of Leavenworth, Bishop Ward has, by his able administration, deepened the confidence of his priests in him. He has proved a kind and prudent superior to the religious orders of the diocese and the laity have found in him a clear and forceful exponent of the faith. The diocese has made notable progress during his episcopate. Churches have multiplied, charitable institutions have grown and Catholic schools have flourished. That his episcopal administration may extend over a great length of years is the prayer of his Alma Mater.



Rt. Rev. Monsignor Frank A. O'Brien, LL. D.,

Dean of Kalamazoo.

"Let us praise men of renown and our fathers in their generation." These words of Ecclesiasticus might well be addressed to the students of today when their attention is directed to the deeds of men like Monsignor O'Brien of Kalamazoo. The life-work of this early graduate of the college is an inspiration to every student of today. Think of this record since Father O'Brien was appointed rector of St. Augustine's parish, Kalamazoo, in 1883. He erected Burges Hospital, founded Nazareth Academy for young ladies; Barbour Hall for little boys; St. Anthony's School for the feeble-minded; Gibbon's Hall High School for the older boys of the parish; Lefevre Institute High School for the girls of the parish; St. Agnes' Foundling Home. These works were never allowed to interfere with the careful management of a very large parish. Still this Dean found time for more. He is the author of works of note; has edited and published since 1892 the Kalamazoo Augustinian, a very creditable parish weekly. Is it wonderful that the Church, the State, and the Universities honored him? His bishop made him irremovable rector and Dean of his district. Pope Pius X. appointed him Domestic Prelate. President Harrison invited the Dean to represent him at West Point Military Academy. He has been the Delegate of different governors of Michigan to many important conventions. He has been made a member of the State Board of Conventions and Charities, and vice-president of the M chigan Historical Commission. The University of Michigan honored him with an A. M. degree and Notre Dame University conferred upon him the degree of LL. D.

The students of Assumption College are proud of the record and rejoice in the honors that have come to Monsignor O'Brien, one of the early Alumni.



Monsignor Denis Murphy.

From Dorset, Ohio, there came to Sandwich in 1890, a youth, who was anxious to study for the priesthood. Denis Murphy was his name. He was a quiet, retiring lad, whose greatest care in those days seemed to be to divert attention from himself. In class he never spoke unless called upon and then never more than was necessary. But it gradually came to be noticed that Denis Murphy was always prepared to recite, that his tasks were always done. On the campus the same retiring disposition was evidenced. He never sought for a position on any baseball or football team. When he was prevailed upon to play, however, the captain need never worry about the position he filled. He met expectations in every play but quietly and unostentatiously.

By the time his classical and philosophical career had come to an end, it was generally admitted that Assumption College would never be disappointed in Denis Murphy. And so it has proved. His first year in the seminary at Cincinnati was so successful that his Bishop sent him to Rome, where he completed his theological course and was ordained in 1899. Four years later he was pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Memphis, Tennessee. His distinctions and honors came fast. In 1905 he was made irremovable rector, in 1906 Vicar General of the diocese of Nashville, and in 1911 Pius X. clothed him in the purple robe of a Domestic Prelate.

The present students have never seen Monsignor Murphy. A visit from him would be an honor they would appreciate and they express the hope that it will not be long delayed.

A Reminiscence.

Some forty odd years ago I started out for the College de l'Assomption, as Sandwich College was then designated. In the carriage conveying me thither sat my good parents, long since gone to their reward, who were bringing their boy to enter as a student in the old college which was about to re-open under the charge of the good Basilian Fathers. How well I remember that raw September day, and the dreary drive along the river road. I felt as if I were about to bid farewell to home and friends and country. Nor did the lowering clouds that seemed to hang as a pall over the beautiful river that separates Canada from the United States, tend to rouse my drooping spirits. Following closely after the carriage above mentioned, came a truck loaded high with my bag and baggage; for, in the early days of the college every student upon entering was obliged to furnish his own mattress, pillows, blankets, comfortables, sheets and pillow cases and the like. In later days I learned that this was made necessary because the founders of Assumption College in that fall of 1870 were too poor to purchase these furnishings themselves, good Father O'Connor assuring me that his superiors, in sending him to found this new institution, had supplied him with the munificent sum of three hundred dollars in cash!

Turning the corner, after passing the beautiful parish church, and the pretentious turretted building next it called "The Palace," we came in sight of a cold, stern looking structure of brick and stone that looked more like a soldiers' barracks than anything else, which we were told was the college. At the door there stood a very handsome, pleasant faced gentleman, whose smile and kindly welcome did much to dispel the gloom that just then I felt both within and without me. This proved to be the Reverend Denis O'Connor, the President of Assumption, who so successfully guided the destinies of the institution through those perilous early days and remained its honored superior for nearly a score of years before he became Bishop of London and afterwards Archbishop of Toronto. Bright, brainy and broad, he was a born leader of men and a wonderful manager of most resourceful powers, as is evidenced in the splendid results achieved during his administration.

In that first year we were but a little family of twenty eight students and a faculty numbering five, including the president. If my memory serve me, besides Father O'Connor there was that indefatigable worker and bundle of nerves and brain, Robert McBrady, who now graces the president's chair in St. Michael's College, Toronto, as the

Very Rev. Robert McBrady; Mr. St. Vincent, at whose oft nodding head some of the bolder and more mischievous ones among the students were wont to fire spit balls as he sat at his little desk presiding over the study hall. On his recovery we would all lose our testimonials to make sure that the real culprit was reached. Then there was the gentle scholar and kindly soul whom every boy loved dearly, Michael O'Gorman, and the staid polished professor of English Literature, Mr. Guinlan. With the exception of the erudite president of St. Michael's all have gone into their eternity.

The immortal Rev. J. J. M. Aboulin, who doesn't look much older than he did forty-five years ago, and who, some piously believe, will be translated to higher spheres without passing through the trying ordeal ordinary mortals are subjected to, was the parish priest and helped out in the college as occasion demanded. He was assisted in his parish duties by the venerable Father Faure, and old Antoine, a veteran of Napoleonic war fame, whose supreme delight seemed to be in apprehending any boy caught stealing Father Aboulin's grapes or honey, and trouncing him soundly for the misdemeanor. This made up the little band of pioneer educators who so bravely started out to build up a great institution of learning in Western Ontario.

Withal we were a very happy community. Strange to say, I never heard a complaint from any of the attending students, although we had none of the material comforts that the college boy of today enjoys. My bed in the old dormitory was near one of the windows in that venerable pile of brick and mortar known as Assumption College in 1870, and it was no unusual thing to awaken in the morning to find a snow drift on the top of one's bed clothes and forming a carpet on the floor beneath to greet one's feet in the morning. We were lulled to sleep by the rattling of those big, loosely fitted, window sashes and the dulcet tones of our dormitory prefect's soporific snore.

In these early days we had no water works, and so had to be very sparing of the measured amount of water put into our basins. There were no pitchers then, the house being too poor, I presume, to furnish such a luxury, and many a time we had to break through the ice that had formed in our basins during the night if we wanted to wash at all. I can still see that big box stove which stood in the centre of the dormitory with its hundred feet of stove pipe. It was usually piled full of long blocks of green elm and just before we went upstairs to retire, a shovelful of bright burning embers was placed beneath the pile. It looked cheerful enough as we entered the room, and somehow it seemed to cast a glow of warmth about us, but alas! for expectations, the sap oozed out of the green wood and sizzled down upon the cheery embers and brought them to a watery grave. However, we were all lusty, healthy lads, and tumbling into bed under a mountain of blankets and comfortables, we soon became oblivious to the nightly tragedy of the coals in the sound sleep of the tired college boy. If one awakened during the night he was cheered by the sight of the flickering light of the old kerosene lamp that sent out a very compelling perfume all

around it. I was often glad my place in the dormitory was not near that lamp. Despite it all, we were sound sleepers in those days. The only thing that disturbed our placid dreams was the old cracked hand bell that Frank Semande, now the worthy pastor of Amherstburg, religiously rang every morning at 5 a. m. The rest of us considered him a fiend as he startled us with its rasping noise in the morning, and possibly might have wreaked dire vengeance on his innocent head, had not the wholesome fear of the Superior of the house deterred us.

The toilets, if the old shed which constituted this very necessary adjunct to every well regulated institution of learning, might be thus designated, was situated about half a mile, more or less, from the building in which we lived. This was very sanitary, no doubt, but somewhat uncomfortable on cold winter nights. We were consoled in the thought, however, that in this very important consideration professors and students were all treated alike. It was the only place of its kind on the premises.

The games on the little campus then in existence consisted of the usual college sports, baseball, football, handball, "shinny," with walking and jumping for the sobersides.

On the whole, the retrospect is a very pleasant one, full of delightful memories and replete with happy experiences one would long to live over again. The marvellous progress that has been made by Assumption College in these past forty years is a splendid testimony to the zeal, self sacrifice, piety and accomplished scholarship of the good Basilian Fathers. Prospere, procede et regna.

ALUMNUS.



College Songs.

The College Executioner.

(Music From Mikado.)

Enter the executioner with an enormous club. Chorus of welcome.

Behold the school's new executioner,
A personage of mighty strength and courage,
A dignified and awful officer.
Whose duties are particularly painful,
Defer, defer,
To the College grand executioner.

Speech by Executioner.

Gentlemen, I am much touched by this reception. I can only trust by a strict attention to duty to ensure a continuance of those favors which it will ever be my duty to deserve. If I should ever be called upon to act professionally I am happy to think that there will be so little difficulty in finding persons whose absence will be a distinct gain to the College.

Song by Executioner.

As sometime it may happen that a victim must be found,
I've got a little list, I've got a little list,
Of college offenders who might well be underground,
And who never would be missed, who never would be missed.
There's the pestilential nuisances who draw upon the boards,
The student who has restless hands and raucous vocal chords,
All children who are up in dates and floor you with them flat,
All persons who in shaking hands, shake hands with you like that,
And all smart Alecks who on making foolish puns insist,
They'd none of them be missed—they'd none of them be missed.

Chorus.

He's got 'em on the list, he's got 'em on the list;
And they'll none of them be missed—they'll none of them be missed.

There's the singer always humming, and the others of his race,
And the piano organist, I've got him on the list;
And the fellows who eat chocolate and puff it in your face,—
They never would be missed—they never would be missed.
Then the knocker who praises with enthusiastic tone,
All colleges but this one, all professors but his own;
And the laddy from the country, who dresses like a guy,
And who doesn't think he likes the place, but would rather like to try,
And the mean man, sad and sinister, with tight unyielding fist,
I don't think he'd be missed—I'm sure he'd not be missed.

Chorus.—As above.

There's the cadger of Tobacco, an unmitigated pest,
And the hogger on the allies, I've got him on the list,
And the lad who's always boasting he never has been kissed,
They'd none of them be missed—they'd none of them be missed.
Then the students who never know what lesson is today,
But studied yesterday's, that's always what they say,
And the rascal caught in mischief who lays the blame elsewhere,
Who didn't do it, really, but thinks the culprit's there,
And the magazine story reader, the would be novelist,
I don't think he'd be missed—I'm sure he'd not be missed.

Chorus.

And the eager grabbing glutton, with quick and ready wrist,
And the long arm ever reaching, I've got him on the list,
All funny fellows, comic men and clowns of college life,
They'd none of them be missed—they'd none of them be missed.
And apologetic laggards of the late from dentist kind,
Such as, What-d'ye call-him, Thing-em-bob, and likewise, Never mind,
And 'St-st-st, and What's-his-name, and also You-know-who,
The task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to you,
But it really doesn't matter whom you put upon the list
For they'd none of them be missed—they'd none of them be missed.

Chorus.

Continued from page 9.

reply, break down in tears, completely overcome, and after a second attempt to speak, obliged to leave the room. During the few weeks which intervened before the date of consecration much of his time was taken up with visits from old students, and priests of the immediate neighborhood, many of whom had been accustomed to look to him for guidance in important affairs of their calling, and looked upon the separation as one of the severest trials. Even laity, who for years had recognized his superior judgment in the practical affairs of life and more than once had come to consult him in business difficulties, bitterly deplored the separation which deprived them of so cherished an intimacy.

Monsignor O'Connor was consecrated in the Cathedral of London October 19th, 1890. Less than nine years later the Diocesan paper officially announced his promotion to the Archiepiscopal See of Toronto. The communication contained the further statement that the Bulls of appointment had arrived five months previous, publication having been delayed through his taking upon himself to make representations to the Holy See explaining why he should not be asked to accept the responsibility. Again after nine years the Holy See announced that in response to repeated requests from the Archbishop of Toronto his resignation had been accepted and a successor appointed.

The achievements of those eighteen years, those days, and weeks and months of unremitting toil, that unceasing devotion to the church's interests, the unfailing solicitude for the welfare of the people committed to his charge, that keen, intelligent interest in every public movement where religion was concerned, that scrupulous enforcement of the Church's laws, that zeal for the proper carrying out of Her Ceremonial, the edifying gravity in the performance of Episcopal functions, the splendid dignity of bearing in public appearances, the simple austerity of his own private life; that masterful leadership of men, that pre-eminence in the councils of the church of his country, will all no doubt, sooner or later, receive due treatment at the hands of a competent biographer, and cannot have place in a contribution to a college periodical. We shall follow his career in the Episcopacy only to observe the continuation of his work as an educator on a more extended sphere of influence. The transfer from the philosophy class-room to the pulpit of a cathedral allowed no relaxation in the old time habits of regularity and punctuality. At home it was his invariable practice to say the nine o'clock Mass and preach, to assist at the High Mass, and, with the priests of the cathedral take his turn in giving the sermon. On Confirmation tours, visiting other churches of the diocese, assisting at the opening of Forty Hours, etc., he was generally the preacher of the occasion. Archbishop O'Connor was not an orator; he laid no claim to the gift of eloquence. His language was plain, his discourses instructive and practical, his expositions forcible and to the point. With a long experience in the ways of men and things, with an air of intense sincerity, captivating and impressive, the every day lessons of life were enunciated in a manner that was always interesting. Of all his duties this seemed to demand the least effort on his part. Meanwhile, he had by no means left the class-room. His efforts to promote the religious instruction of children of all ages and classes must ever stand out as the chiefest glory of his episcopate. Pius X.'s memorable encyclical on Catechetical Instruction quotes Benedict XIV's statement that "the loss of souls in the majority of cases is due to the lack of proper instruction." A similar conviction seemed to have been the lifelong inspira-

tion of Archbishop O'Connor. A carefully graded course of religious instruction was prescribed for all the schools of the Diocese; teachers were required to give a full half hour to it daily. Twice every year there was a written examination in which the pupils of the higher grades throughout the schools of the diocese were obliged to take part, the papers being set and examined by the Diocesan examiner. The percentages obtained by each candidate and the standing of each school were recorded and given for publication. On the occasion of Confirmation in each Parish the Archbishop arrived a day in advance reserving this time for the examination of the candidates. The sessions often lasted three or four hours until every child had been thoroughly interrogated. The results of this practice could hardly be estimated. Children, parents, and teachers realized more and more the necessity of understanding their religion. Greater and greater attention to it was secured in both the school and the home and the very practical character of the questions proposed was a constant training in Pedagogy for teachers and parents who endeavored to be present.

Possessed of such rare ability for the management of finances it might naturally be expected that the former President of Sandwich, who in a few years had planned, erected, and paid for building after building, would, as Bishop, leave behind him numerous monuments of architecture in the form of churches and institutions. In this there may have been some disappointment. That a systematic and vigorous finance policy was in force goes without saying. Churches and schools were erected, enlarged, and freed from debt. But these were merely means to an end; there was something more important to be thought of. The conviction which weighed with him above all others and like all his convictions found expression in practice, was that a diocese is built up, not of brick and mortar, but of a carefully selected, perfectly trained priesthood. With this accomplished, a Bishop has done the greatest possible service to the people for whom God has made him responsible. No amount of time or care was too much to bestow on this. As students no exigency, no pressure of circumstances could justify interfering with, or shortening the time of their college and seminary course. For six years after ordination they were obliged to appear before a regularly appointed board of examiners, the Bishop himself always presiding, and in two sessions of four hours each the matter prescribed was gone into with a thoroughness which allowed no possible escape from weeks and months of preparation. During the rest of their lives, with an equal regularity and punctuality twice every year they took part in Diocesan conferences. These were held in three different centres and not once in eighteen years did the Archbishop fail to be present, having prepared for them in much the same spirit as that in which a school boy approaches his first public examination.

The training of the priest did not stop even here; almost every function, every personal interview, was in itself an instruction in the line of duty. His accuracy of information in answering questions which incidentally arose, his resourcefulness in removing or pointing out the way through difficulties, his painstaking care to forestall complications, his ready solution of doubts in matters of conscience, his thoroughness of inquiry before granting or refusing dispensations or extraordinary faculties, were in themselves a series of lessons in Theology and church discipline.

There is another field for educational work which was constantly demanding the serious attention of this zealous prelate. Whether in private or public discourses he never wearied of repeating "God has founded only two societies—the Church and the Family." His efforts lay entirely in accordance with this doctrine. Sodalities, Leagues, Church Organizations of every description, he was ever ready to encourage and assist, while he watched with eagerness for every opportunity of making his influence felt in the Christ-

ian home. Like St. Francis de Sales he expected everything of parents; he allowed them no quarter; he admitted no ground for excuse; no Confirmation ceremony was considered complete without an enumeration of the duties they owed their children. The maintenance of those good old simple practices consecrated by the devotion of generations, night and morning prayers, the family rosary, the preparation for Confession and Communion was a constant theme of exhortation. In the same spirit his priests were given to understand that greater results would be obtained from the time they could spare for visiting the families of their congregation than from the time devoted to parish clubs and societies.

This same conviction of the paramount importance of home training and influence it was which explained his uncompromising attitude towards the vexed question of mixed marriages. Every one had an inalienable right to the training of a Catholic father and Catholic mother; to deprive even one soul of this was an evil too great to be contemplated; it was a frustration of God's plans; it tended to undermine Christian spirit in society; what circumstances therefore could justify it? From an article which has lately appeared in the Kalamazoo Augustinian we quote the following reference to his views on this subject: "It will be remembered that nine-tenths of the population of the city of Toronto is non-Catholic, that the ordinary Catholic, whether in business or social relations, made acquaintances very much according to those proportions. Nevertheless it was in this city—known abroad for its Orangeism—that Archbishop O'Connor hoped to abolish mixed marriages. That he practically succeeded in doing so within the space of nine years is surely a matter of comment. He had no greater horror of mixed marriages than the ordinary priest or bishop, but he had a singular conviction that the Church, through its clergy and its christian homes, had the power to suppress them. He would never allow himself to rest on the assumption that it was useless to refuse such dispensations since a young person in any case would eventually marry the person of his or her choice. It was his deeply grounded belief that a Catholic young woman was the instrument in God's hands for the conversion of the young man devoted to her; that there was no non-Catholic who with time, and instruction, and example, would not receive the Light, since there is no non-Catholic whom God has not called to the Truth. Therefore upon the young person who had chosen as a partner for life one not yet of the Fold he imposed the obligation of waiting, and working for his or her conversion. Singularly enough on this work so dear to his heart he wrote no pastorals and preached no sermons. From his point of view the great power in the hands of a Bishop was a pronounced unwillingness to grant a dispensation. His priests understood this, and prepared the young and old of their congregations for the contingency; fathers and mothers soon understood it and took precautions in due time. Company keeping of Catholic young people with non-Catholics became less common. This, however, did not prevent the evil, but non-Catholic young people soon learned that there was no hope of the realization of their aspirations until they saw their way clear into the Catholic Church. The number of converts increased very materially and it is safe to state that at the close of Archbishop O'Connor's administration in more than one-third of the Catholic marriages in Toronto one of the parties was a convert. By that time also a dispensation Mixtae Religionis was almost unheard of. The plan had succeeded; mixed marriages could be abolished."

"Two great objections have commonly been raised to so stringent a policy in a matter in which Faith and conscience enter so intimately. First—would these converts persevere? secondly—would not many be driven to have the marriage ceremony performed outside of the church? Time has answered the first, and every one is edified by the ex-

ample of those who became Catholics on the occasion of marriage. Some priests of the diocese undertook to enquire into the second; on examining the records in the City Hall it was found that the number of mixed marriages before a non-Catholic minister, had gradually decreased, during Archbishop O'Connor's administration. (Marriages before a civil magistrate are not recognized by the laws of Canada.)"

To the same authority we are indebted for the following details connected with the last years of his life.

At the age of forty-nine taking leave of his staff in Sandwich he made this remark: "I perhaps owe you many apologies for a disposition that must frequently have seemed exacting and severe; but, I was carrying a heavy load up hill. I have now passed the middle term of life and have to carry a still heavier one down hill." The load evidently became too heavy, and much earlier than his friends had expected. A life of abstemiousness, of early hours, and regular habits, cannot forever endure the strain of incessant labor, much less the weight of responsibility always keenly felt. At the age of sixty-seven Archbishop O'Connor—never of a vigorous constitution—was worn out. Many had expected as much but he was loathe to speak of his health under any conditions. In the early part of the year 1908 rumors were abroad that for the second time his resignation had been submitted to the Holy See. Nothing confirmatory appeared until on a certain day in May, the morning mail brought to each priest in the Archdiocese a copy of the following circular:

St. Michael's Palace.

To the Clergy of the Archdiocese,

Rev. and Dear Father:

I received, today, authentic information that I am relieved of the title and duties of Archbishop of Toronto. The relief is welcome, for of late I have felt the burden keenly.

My successor is the Most Rev. Fergus McEvay, hitherto Bishop of London. I feel confident that you will give him a hearty welcome, and honest support in the fulfillment of his duties. He, himself, will announce the date of his taking possession of the See. Until then, I am, by appointment of the Holy Father, Administrator of the Diocese. After that I will go into retirement to prepare for death. Help me by your prayers to make it a happy one. When the end comes, give me the Masses said for those belonging to the Diocese. I have always said them scrupulously, and will continue to do so.

Thanking all, clergy, religious and laity for kindness shown me for more than eight years, I remain Rev. and Dear Father

DENIS O'CONNOR, Administrator.

Toronto, May 22, 1908.

This modest announcement which the Toronto Globe characterized as "a wholesome lesson for people of all classes and creeds," was the only official communication made in connection with this rather unusual event. Neither in writing, nor in the pulpit, nor through the persistent interviewer, was anything further said. Clergy and people understood his extreme aversion for anything in the form of display or publicity, and the occasion was treated with due deference to such feelings. The Bishops of the Province did not conceal the fact that they had urged him over and over to remain in his See and ask for an assistant, feeling that, even as an invalid, his influence was too precious for the Church in his own diocese and beyond it to be deprived of. The only answer to their appeals came in such words as "When a man cannot do his work the only reasonable move is to get out and let someone in who can."

On Sunday, June 6th, three days before the installation

of his successor he administered Confirmation in one of the city Churches; from there he was driven directly to the novitiate-house of his community in which he was to spend the remainder of his days.

What may have been his feelings at that hour no one, not even any of his most intimate friends, had ever the least information. That one whose life had been of the busiest for forty years, whose mind was constantly occupied with the discharge of important business, who studied the movements of his time with the closest scrutiny, to whose interest everything in the cause of religion appealed, whose influence was recognized in every sphere, whose power Catholics of all classes had felt—that he should pass in one hour from all this to a life of unemployment, in solitude and obscurity, called for a heroism which only a fervent Faith and long years of spiritual training could ensure.

His occupation thereafter was strictly that which he purposed in the circular announcing his retirement—"to prepare for death." The house which he had chosen as his residence afforded him one small room as his study and a still smaller one for a bedroom; his companions were to be a few novices and their directors. His retirement from the world was absolute, never afterwards attending any public functions whatever, not even visiting his old friends among the clergy nor the houses of his own community. What would seem more extraordinary still, the Archbishop who had kept in closest touch with all public affairs, now takes a resolution never again to read a daily paper, giving as a reason that he should no longer need such information. The bell for spiritual reading found him on his way to the community-room, and a like regularity guided his days and hours. His old friends among the clergy paid him a visit from time to time always finding him cheery and full of interest. He allowed himself the pastime of reading Catholic weeklies, and magazines, but his constant companions, especially towards the end, were a large Douay Bible and a Rosary.

His successor, Archbishop McEvay, died after a protracted illness within three years after his appointment, leaving the retiring Archbishop in seemingly good health. The administrator, realizing that for many children already disappointed more than once, further delay might be serious, requested Archbishop O'Connor to administer Confirmation in some of the city parishes. He complied with the request, but after a couple of such attempts was confined to his bed; the end came two or three weeks later.

Some months after I paid a visit to Mount Hope Cemetery, Toronto. In a plot lately taken by the Basilian Fathers, there were standing side by side two small marble crosses—not more than fifteen inches in height—bearing the inscriptions:

Michael Perry, Sacristan,	Archbishop O'Connor
died	died
March 17, 1909.	June 30, 1911.

The one from an episcopal throne had unceasingly proclaimed reverence for the altar, for the Church's ceremonial, and for all things relating to Divine service; the other had divided his days between the care of the vestments and material appliances for the sanctuary, and the hours upon hours passed in adoration. The great Archbishop and the humble sacristan who had so fervently united in their zeal for **the beauty of God's house and the place where His glory dwelleth** were laid side by side to await the vision of that beauty and glory, unveiled in mansions eternal.

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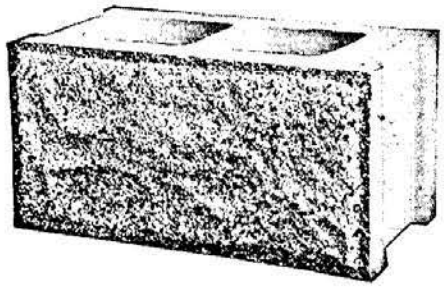
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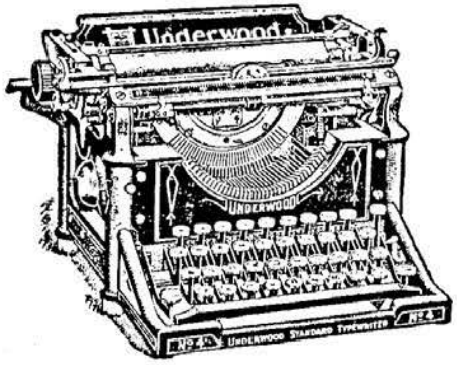
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